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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-
panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

A DISASTER, such as is rarely experienced in this country, has befallen Norwich and the surrounding villages through the floods which swept over the district during the past week. Within a space of twenty-nine hours, between Monday and Tuesday mornings, the rain-fall exceeded seven inches, an amount equal to that of three average months, and without parallel in this country, except in parts of the Lake District and the Western Highlands. The floods reached their height at two o'clock on Wednesday morning, by which time the state of affairs at Norwich was highly critical. Railway and telegraphic communication was cut off; about a square mile of the city was covered with water, which reached in some places to the bedroom windows; houses collapsed, and thousands of people were homeless and destitute, while the work of rescuing them was made still more difficult by the failure of the electric light, owing to the flooding of the power station. To add to

the calamity, the engines at the pumping stations were stopped, and notices issued that there was only a three-days' supply of drinking water available.

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FORTUNATELY, the rain stopped on Wednesday, and railway communication was restored, though on Thursday the city was still threatened on its eastern side by an enormous mass of water, which had been kept back by the hedges. These have stood the strain, and we may now hope that the worst is over. The Town Council have opened a relief fund, and taken energetic measures to help the sufferers, large numbers of whom have been fed and lodged in schools and other public buildings. It is too early as yet to estimate the loss and damage which this calamity has brought upon the Eastern Counties, but the reports to hand are grave in the extreme. The number of people actually washed out of their homes is put at over ten thousand, factories and shops have been idle, bridges have been swept away, and tens of thousands of acres, many of them under intensive tillage, are devastated. The one bright feature in the situation is that, considering the circumstances, the actual loss of life has been small. Only three deaths have been reported, but an epidemic of disease, which so often follows upon a flood of this sort, is still a peril to be averted.

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ALTHOUGH East Anglia has been by far the greatest sufferer, the floods have caused considerable damage in other districts. In the Fen country, a stretch of land, nearly twenty miles long, and in some places a mile broad, has been converted into a huge lake. Reports from Warwickshire, Northamptonshire, Gloucestershire, and Herefordshire state that large tracts of country are under water, and that the crops are in a pitiable condition. Rivers have overflowed their banks, and horses and cattle have been rescued from the fields, in some places with great difficulty. As the meteorologists give no hope of better weather in the immediate future, the harvest prospects are distinctly gloomy.

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DISCUSSED at by-elections as if it were still an undecided issue, the Insurance Act has in truth passed into a new and more settled phase, in which it will be judged according to the success of its administration. Like other novel or experimental legislation, it may be trusted to produce some unforeseen effects, and indeed is already doing so. For instance, it is now clear that the proportion of deposit contributors will be much less than was at first expected, for, thanks to the rivalry of the great collecting societies, little discrimination is being shown in the enrolment of new members. Obviously, this is entirely to the advantage of the more precarious class of lives, which are at present being offered terms not likely to recur when the competition becomes less keen. On the other hand, the trade unions are taking alarm at the vigor and extent of those operations as pursued more particularly by the insurance companies, and there is a suggestion that although those energetic bodies are adopting State Insurance merely as a side line

(presumably in the hope that it may bring them additional business), yet their zeal in the pursuit is so eager as to have led them into courses of bribery and intimidation. The Commissioners have, however, been in communication with representatives of some of the approved societies, and Mr. Masterman has informed a correspondent that they hope "shortly to be able to announce the general lines of a procedure which, if loyally carried out, will reduce the difficulties to a minimum."

* * *

A STATEMENT issued by the Board of National Education in Ireland calls attention to the starved and backward condition of the elementary schools in that country under present methods of government. Oddly enough, the Commissioners appear to think that in thus exposing the shortcomings of the existing system, they are providing an argument against Home Rule, whereas it has long been one of the commonplaces of Nationalism that a reformed educational system would be among the first cares of an Irish Parliament. More money is wanted, both for equipment and teachers, involving a capital expenditure of over £1,000,000, and a yearly increase rising from £50,000 in 1915-16 to £100,000 three years later. As the Commissioners point out, the fixed annual sum under the transferred service arrangements of the Home Rule Bill would be insufficient to meet those needs, and accordingly they desire to retain an unrelaxed hold on the resources of the Imperial Treasury. Other methods of overcoming such difficulties are contemplated by the Bill, and there is no reason to suppose that a self-governing and self-reliant people will shrink from applying them.

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THE result of the three-cornered contest at East Carmarthen was declared on Friday week, when Mr. Towyn Jones was returned for the constituency by 6,082 votes, against 3,354 cast for his Tory opponent, Mr. Peel, and 1,089 for Dr. Williams, the Labor candidate. Welsh Disestablishment was made the leading issue in the election, and though Mr. Peel polled about a thousand votes more than he did in December, 1910, the result gives a majority of nearly 4,000 in favor of the Government's policy. Wales has thus given a further proof of her Liberalism, and of her fixed determination to secure Disestablishment. Another moral of the election is that the campaign against the Insurance Act can make no progress in a mining division, where the principle of insurance is thoroughly understood.

* * *

TRADE-UNIONISM, as represented at the annual Congress which opens at Newport next Monday, reveals a steady numerical growth. Owing to amalgamations, the list of societies is slightly smaller than in former years; but, on the other hand, the total membership has risen within the year from 1,662,133 to 1,967,109, an increase of 304,976. This remarkable upward movement is mainly due to the spread of organisation among gas workers, dock laborers, railway men, and weavers, which, in turn, is attributed very largely to the influence of the recent labor unrest and the pressure of the Insurance Act. At the first Trade Union Congress, held in 1868 in Manchester, there were only 34 delegates, and the organised labor of the day comprised but 118,367 workers.

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THE text of the Panama Act not only shows that American coastwise shipping is exempted from tolls, but seems to leave it doubtful whether all American ships

may not be given preferential treatment. Mr. Taft, in a memorandum, claims that the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty does not affect America's right "to deal with its own commerce, using its own canal in any way it saw fit." His memorandum takes the untenable view that America is merely bound not to discriminate between one foreign nation and another; but in his message to Congress he only commits himself to the proposition that the exemption of coastwise shipping is not a violation of the treaty. Our Chargé d'Affaires has protested, and if we cannot get satisfaction through diplomacy, we may propose an appeal to The Hague Tribunal.

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THE United States Senate is holding one of its periodic inquiries into campaign contributions, and Mr. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, says that his Trust gave £25,000 in 1904 to help to elect Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt has published a letter showing that he ordered the money to be returned, but apparently this was not done. Much more damaging is the charge by Senator Penrose that Mr. Perkins, formerly a partner of Mr. J. P. Morgan's, and now head of the Harvester Trust, guaranteed £300,000 for the expenses of the third party's campaign. Senator Penrose is far from an impartial witness, but the same story has been told by a good many reputable persons, and it will need something better than Mr. Roosevelt's customary luxuriance of abuse to demolish it. The point of the charge, of course, is that Mr. Roosevelt claims to be battling against the corrupt interests.

* * *

TURKEY has intimated to the Powers that she cannot listen to any proposals affecting her own internal policy. This protest against foreign interference in Turkish affairs was inevitable. The average Turk dreads nothing more, and the Committee had already begun to agitate against it. Mutterings from Montenegro, Serbia, and Bulgaria continue, but nothing further has happened. Count Berchtold has been visiting the King of Roumania in Sinaia, and that should probably make for peace. A Russian paper publishes the text, which may quite well be authentic, of a treaty made in 1907 between Montenegro and Austria, according to which Montenegro is assured a share of the future Turkish spoils, and meanwhile receives a yearly subsidy from Austria, and promises Austria armed assistance in the event of war with Russia. The Turkish Cabinet continues its preparations for "making" the elections, and the Committee at its Congress next week will probably decide to take part in the election.

* * *

IN China Dr. Morrison's optimism is so far confirmed that Sun Yat Sen and Yuan-Shih-Kai are in hearty agreement, and Sun Yat Sen urges the strengthening of the Executive. One may conclude that the episode of the executed generals is past, and that all parties are willing to unite in face of the foreign danger. Sun Yat Sen advises abandoning the idea of getting a loan from the Six-Power syndicate, which threatens to become a mere instrument for furthering the political aggression of Russia and Japan, who incidentally will not find a farthing of money for the loan. The "Times" counsels Sir Edward Grey to take a share in the loot by occupying Tibet. We hope he will do nothing so immoral and so stupid, but will exert his influence against the seizing of Mongolia and Manchuria by Russia and Japan.

* * *

BUT, at the same time, it must be noticed that Sir John Jordan, the British Minister at Peking, has addressed a memorandum to the Chinese Government in

reference to China's supposed intention of incorporating Tibet as a province of the Republic. The memorandum protests against Chinese interference in Tibet's internal affairs, and recommends that China should limit herself to advising the Tibetan Government upon foreign policy through her representative at Lhasa. It further refuses British recognition of the Republic until a new agreement upon the subject of Tibet has been drawn up between China and Great Britain. The ostensible object of the protest is evidently to protect the Dalai Lama, who has just returned to Lhasa after a four years' exile as our guest in Darjeeling. Having first restored the Dalai Lama, who had fled during the Younghusband expedition of 1904, the Chinese drove him out again in 1908, and proceeded to organise Tibet as a province, until the overthrow of the Chinese Dynasty encouraged the Tibetans to successful rebellion. The memorandum denies China's right to renew the attack upon Tibet's internal independence, and is so far justified, provided the protest is not made the cloak for further interference on our own part from the side of India.

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At a Toronto luncheon on Wednesday, given to a group of British financiers, Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke the real mind of Canada. One of the self-constituted missionaries of Empire tried to recruit Canada for the anti-German campaign, which seems to have a special interest for financiers. Sir Wilfrid said bluntly that the German peril does not exist, and that England is in no danger. Canada is not thinking of war, and has no intention of entering into the mad race of armaments. Sir Wilfrid attacked the idea of Imperial organic union. This speech, which will have enormous influence, should check the Jingo intrigue for rushing the Dominions into naval schemes of a kind they dislike, and an Imperial Federation which might endanger their autonomy.

* * *

THE French are getting nervous about Morocco. In addition to the old pretender, Bu Hamara, the much more formidable El Hiba is on their backs. He is a Mahdi, a magician, and the son of a magician, with a name and a miraculous history of great potency in Morocco and the Sahara. The whole South has submitted to him, and in Marrakesh he has taken nine French officials prisoners, whose fate is causing anxiety. There are 40,000 French troops in Morocco, but all except 4,000 are immobilised by garrison duties. Many more troops will be needed to cow the tribes beyond the Shawai, and there are very few further Colonial regiments to call upon, so that the ordinary infantry may have to be sent. The "Débats" admits that the German critic is right who says that Morocco, by locking up a goodly fraction of the French army, is the best guarantee of Europe's peace.

* * *

M. GUISTHAU, the French Minister of Education, has ordered the teachers' unions to dissolve by September 10th, because of their association with the General Confederation of Labor and their alleged anti-militarism. Whether teachers and civil servants in general may form trade unions is a knotty point of French law; the "Grand Ministère" has settled the matter drastically, and purely on political grounds. It is safe to say that Socialism and anti-Imperialism will not be excoriated out of the teaching body in this brutal fashion, and M. Guisthau's circular is only one of many signs that the decay and corruption of the Radical parties have let into power a reactionary Ministry.

THE trial has been resumed at Seoul of over a hundred Koreans, who are charged with conspiracy to murder the Japanese Governor-General. The prisoners appealed to have a different tribunal, because of the partiality of the Court, and its refusal to call witnesses for the defence. The appeal was rejected, but the proceedings of the Court show that the presiding judge has acted as would a prosecuting counsel not over much burdened with scruples. The principal evidence against the prisoners is their alleged "confessions." One and all have in court declared that these "confessions" were wrung from them by torture, and are false. The "confessions" implicate British and American missionaries in the alleged murder conspiracy; but the Court refuses to arrest or call these missionaries. Altogether, they reveal Japanese methods in a very unpleasant aspect.

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MARTIAL law has been proclaimed at Sevastopol and Kronstadt, because of unrest in the navy. Revolutionary propaganda is active among the sailors and the soldiers—there was a mutiny recently in a regiment of sappers in the Caucasus—and it is not surprising. Between officials who supply rotten food and boots, and officers and non-commissioned officers who exercise their brutal passions on the men without restraint, life in the Russian Army and Navy is a miserable business. The statistics show that there has been a great development of political strikes, and altogether there are signs enough that the clay feet of Russian autocracy are beginning to weather badly.

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MR. BRYCE's visit to Australia is over, and he has made a very deep impression upon a people who are good judges of a man's quality. He has seen the cities and the back country, and the "Times" Sydney correspondent says that "his speeches, especially on University subjects, have been strikingly fresh in the views set forth, and, it is to be hoped, of lasting value. Australia has had few visitors so widely liked, for whose matured judgment so many persons of all parties and classes will have an eager and acquiescent respect." Australia is simply confirming the judgment of Canada, and this tribute by true Colonials may be contrasted with the demand made by some Tariff Reform camp-followers of politics in this country that Mr. Bryce should be impeached.

* * *

On Tuesday evening the body of General Booth was removed from the Congress Hall, Clapton, to Olympia. A great memorial service was held there on Wednesday, at which 25,000 people are said to have been present, the King and Queen Alexandra being represented. The coffin was afterwards removed to the Salvation Army's Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, and from there an enormous funeral procession started for Abney Park Cemetery on Thursday morning, the sun shining on it after hours of heavy rain. Throughout all the ceremonies of lying-in-state, memorial service, and funeral, the emotional appeals of which the Army has always availed itself were employed to the full. The flag with which the General had stood upon Mount Calvary was spread over the coffin. Fifty-one brigades of Salvationists from every town in these islands and from many foreign countries were formed up as escort to the grave. Except for the music of the "Dead March," the tone of the proceedings was victorious rather than mournful. The songs were of triumph, and the fighting spirit that militates against evil was encouraged to the last moment.

Politics and Affairs.

A BRITISH POLICY IN PERSIA.

WE have now no policy in Persia; but we have helped to create a situation in Persia, and the forces which we either set in motion there, or allowed to be set in motion there, are not ceasing to work because we have ceased to think or to act. For everything that happens in Persia now, we are, with Russia, jointly responsible. There is no Persian Government, except the Russian and British Legations. We assisted Russia in dismissing Mr. Shuster and in dissolving the Medjliss. The Constitution is gone, the patriots are gone, the sympathetic foreign statesmen are gone. The Persian Cabinet remains, a mere machine for registering the decrees of Russia and Great Britain. Throughout Persia there is no independent institution, except it be the sanctuary at Nedjef, which can voice the will of Persia. And the subjection of Persia is the most miserable of all forms of subjection. It is real but informal. The foreign masters of Persia exercise power, but acknowledge no responsibility; they claim rights, but admit no duties. Russia and Great Britain have not substituted a foreign government for a native government; they have simply denied the Persians all possibility of governing themselves. They have imposed a veto upon government, and established anarchy. Only two kinds of things may the Persian Cabinet do. It may make concessions to Russia and Great Britain, and it may accept petty loans on monstrously usurious terms from Russia and Great Britain. A country may live and even prosper under native government or under foreign government; but no country can live under such a mixture as we have assisted in thrusting upon Persia; and, in point of fact, Persia is visibly dying. The North is a Russian province, occupied by Russian soldiers, and enjoying the blessings of Russian martial law. The tribes of the South know no lordship. It is not so much that there is active lawlessness or civil war; of these there is relatively little. Nor is it that trade is impossible, for both in the North and the South trade has increased. It is the crumbling of all authority, the disappearance of all cohesion. Persia threatens to dissolve into a chaos of molecules, unless the Powers that have reduced her to this state bethink themselves.

There are, roughly, three possible policies for this country to adopt. We can say that the utter dissolution of Persia is inevitable, and that we must act accordingly. We can say that Persia's misfortunes are largely the work of Russia and ourselves, and that if these two Powers restore Persia her freedom, there is nothing to prevent the complete recovery of Persia. We can say that the disease has gone so far that some kind of surgical operation cannot be avoided, and that we should concentrate our energies on saving so much as can be saved. The first of these views would seem to be the one favored by the "Times." Put plainly, it amounts to this: Northern Persia must be recognised as a Russian province, and, in compensation, we should occupy Southern Persia. The neutral zones should remain as a nominal buffer between the Russian and the British Empires, with a nominal Persian Government, con-

venient for the granting of concessions in the neutral zone, such as the Russo-Indian Railway. The objections to this scheme are of the gravest kind. The fragmentary vassal Persia that would be left between the Russian and British Empires would be an entirely unreal barrier. It would have no strength of its own; it would fall at the first stroke from either of its powerful neighbors. The two Empires would, therefore, in effect, be coterminous for hundreds of miles, and the whole military and strategical problem of Great Britain and of India would be revolutionised. From being an "island" Power, owing to the sundering barrier of sea, or desert, or mountain, we should become doubly a Continental Power. Our outposts would be facing the Russian outposts along the whole length of Southern Persia, and the Russo-Indian Railway could at any moment pour a Russian army into India from the North-west. We should be driven to maintain an army on a Continental scale, and to face the prospect of settling the fate of India by a campaign fought in Persia, in which all the advantages of supplies, nearness to base, communications, and numbers would be on the side of Russia. The finances of India would collapse under the strain; conscription, and conscription for foreign service, to which no foreign people is subjected, would be imposed upon the people of these islands; and at the end of it all, the safety of India and the peace of the world would be infinitely less secure than they are to-day. A strong Persia as a buffer state is an elementary necessity of British policy.

The strongest Persia would be a Persia co-extensive with its nominal boundaries. That would imply that Russia should withdraw her troops from the North. Some excellent friends of Persia think that the time has gone by when we can expect so much. Russia, in their opinion, is so firmly entrenched in the North that there is no possibility of her withdrawing. We should be slow to accept any such conclusion. The Russian Government has formally pledged itself to withdraw from Northern Persia, and that pledge is worth precisely as much as the British Government insists upon making it worth. It has to be proved that if the British Government cannot assert its rights with regard to this matter, it can assert its rights with regard to any other matter in Persia, and that it is easier to rescue a half of Persia from Russia than the whole. But if it be assumed that Northern Persia must be written off as lost, as a bribe thrown to Russia for the salvation of the rest of Persia, then the course of British policy is clear. We must not occupy Southern Persia; that is no compensation, it is simply a terrible burden. Territorially, Southern Persia in British possession is of no value to us; strategically, it would thrust upon us all the military burdens of a Continental Power. Our interest is, first, to keep Southern Persia out of the hands of Russia, and, secondly, to keep it in the hands of a strong neutral State. Southern Persia, together with the whole of Persia outside the Russian sphere of interest and so much of Northern Persia as is not in Russian occupation, should be made into a strong independent Persian State. There need be no difficulty in effecting this, and it would cost this country nothing. All that is necessary

would be for Russia and Great Britain to withdraw their veto from Persian Government and their intervention in Persian affairs. They would not need even to advance money. The Anglo-Russian veto upon independent loans to Persia has been the chief cause of Persia's financial difficulties, and were that veto withdrawn, Persia could raise the money she needs for her regeneration. It is vital to such a scheme that the projected Russo-Indian railway should be abandoned, at any rate, for a period of years. A strong, prosperous Persia might conceivably bear such a railway with equanimity, and under the control of such a State it might be shorn of many of its perils to India; but imposed upon a weak and broken Persia, the Russo-Indian Railway would render financial health impossible, and would be as fatal to Persian sovereignty throughout the region it traversed as the Manchurian railway has proved to Chinese sovereignty. It cannot be said that there is anything unreal or impracticable about this scheme. It allows Russia a substantial price; it reconstitutes a maimed but nevertheless compact Persia; it calls into being once more a real buffer State between the Russian and British Empires; and it requires from Sir Edward Grey nothing but an exercise of will which, if it be determined, Russia has not the force to resist. There are sufficient signs that the strength—naval, military, and diplomatic—of Russian autocracy is all façade, and a threat on our part to co-operate with Germany against her in Asia and the Near East would infuse into Russian statesmen some glimmering of loyalty to treaty obligations.

AN ALPHABET FOR PARLIAMENT.

ANOTHER White Paper is issued this week, in which may be conned the Alphabet of Parliaments, an A B C which is at the same time an elusive abracadabra. How to keep in touch with the different Departments of State, how to guard the custodians, how to prevail in one's own household—thus is the problem posed, and one might think its solution must necessarily precede all other Parliamentary action, legislative, administrative, or deliberative. Yet the quest is still in progress. From Paris, Berlin, and Rome comes a string of examples designed to teach Westminster the pure elements of its science. Candidly, neither Rome nor Berlin seems yet to have got beyond the lisping stage, and if Paris speaks in clearer accents, it is to give utterance to a paradox which has usually proved not less unpalatable to Parliaments than to autocrats. If you would rule, you must devolve. Not only so, but your devolution must be carried out in detail as well as in gross. To embody it here in some minor Parliament, or there in some Provincial Council, is not enough—the principle must equally be applied to our petty every-day tasks of administration. Thus, in France, as we are reminded, sixteen Grand Committees are charged with the duty of keeping the Chamber of Deputies in touch with the different departments of State. Two of those delegations meddle, as we should call it, in foreign affairs, yet with so little prejudice to international relations that even in a document issued by our own Foreign Office is to be found a discreet tribute to the value of their work.

Will the French system, or anything like it, ever find its way to the House of Commons? Hitherto that most conservative of institutions has shown itself not less cautious in its delegation of powers and privileges to its own committees than the Cabinet is in its interpretation of the doctrine of collective responsibility. Even in seeking to increase its control over administrative detail, the House is apt to stumble against some obstacle of its own contriving. A typical example is to be seen in the restricted functions of the Estimates Committee, which is not only debarred from considering questions of policy, but is confined to the examination of the estimates of only one department in each year. Clearly this must be a mere sample-testing machine. If business were meant, we should have in operation a network of committees and sub-committees covering the whole field of departmental expenditure, and applying an especial vigilance to those strangely-neglected territories, the Admiralty and the War Office, over whose estimates, to quote the plaintive official confession, the present control of the Treasury is "very small indeed"—smaller, it seems, than over any other department. But even if Ministers were willing to multiply such Committees, and extend their powers, could they depend upon an adequate response from Members? We do not recall any strong protest against the limitations of the Estimates Committee, certainly none to set off against the alarmed expostulations drawn from Mr. Austen Chamberlain by the mere creation of such an instrument. On such occasions, much is heard of the peril of any slackening in the direct control of Parliament over individual departments, and although Parliament, like the Estimates Committee, exercises its control nowadays only in fits and starts, this insidious appeal usually produces a certain impression, soothing, no doubt, to the corporate pride of the House of Commons, and proportionately discouraging, as one may imagine, to statesmen in advance of their age. In truth, nothing is more difficult than to persuade the House of Commons that its work can be done by delegation, even delegation of the most direct character. It is a common experience to see Bills, on their return to the House, after exhaustive discussion in Grand Committee, being again put through the mill on the floor of the Chamber, so that their so-called Report stage becomes magnified into a second Committee stage. Here, surely, we have almost too much of the curry-comb, for if the double ordeal tends to thoroughness, it is apt at the same time to frustrate the object of the original scheme of Grand Committees, which was to bring relief to the legislative mechanism as a whole.

Yet despite those checks, the lesson cannot long remain unregarded. We are likely to have a further illustration of its uses in the coming autumn sittings, when, for want of a better method of facilitating legislation, the unsatisfactory and clumsy principle of closure by compartment will probably again be invoked. How many years have passed since Mr. Chamberlain, arraigning this Balfourian invention, first proposed to supplant it by a system of time-tables drawn up by a Business Committee of the House of Commons? Certainly it is not so long since Mr. Lloyd George, then in Opposition, foreshadowed a similar reform. Moreover, Mr. Balfour

and Mr. Asquith have protested their detestation of an instrument which each in turn has been forced to employ, and parties generally acquiesce in its use only as a disagreeable necessity. Yet, true to its conservatism, in this as in other matters, the House of Commons, rather than set up a committee which might recommend new and settled methods of procedure for its consideration, prefers to deal with its difficulties as they arise, to retain in its own hands the rough-and-ready equipment of gag and guillotine, and to trust for the management of its domestic concerns to a happy-go-lucky gift of improvisation. Thus, whatever the new practice may be, the old theory remains unimpaired, and the principle of unrestricted debate continues to enjoy a delusive sanctuary on paper.

Delegation, as we have hinted, can scarcely stop at measures of Home Rule. With Ireland blocking the way, business in the Imperial Parliament is apt to be brought to a deadlock, but even with the Irish obstruction removed or eliminated (as it has been in practice in one or two recent sessions), and with Scotland claiming only one or two days in the year for matters of purely Scottish concern, the general congestion would still be such as to demand further methods of relief. It may be too much to hope, as was once hoped from the Grand Committee system, that a well-considered redistribution of work and of the duties of supervision and control might become a means of economising the public time; but at all events such a plan should offer a prospect of efficient oversight, which, in turn, would go far to ensure a due regard alike to thrift and thoroughness in administration.

THE CASE FOR THE PANAMA ACT.

THE clause of the Panama Canal Bill, virtually exempting all American vessels engaged in foreign trade from the dues to be paid by vessels of other nations passing through the Canal, was a plain violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty providing that "the Canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions of traffic or otherwise." The pretence that "all nations" meant "all other nations" was a manifest infringement of the spirit and the letter of the treaty. The elimination of this clause, however, from the final draft, which last week received the signature of President Taft, appears to us to remove the substance of the grievance. It is, of course, true that the retention of the clause exempting from dues American coastwise shipping has the appearance of imposing a discrimination against foreign vessels. But it is an appearance only. For, as we have already pointed out in a previous article, the discrimination is neither made nor enhanced by the terms of this Act. It existed before. The Navigation Laws of the United States have, in accordance with their rigorous protective policy, been framed so as to secure a complete monopoly of coastwise trade for American ships, and their Courts have given so liberal an interpretation to the term "coastwise" as to include vessels plying round Cape Horn on their voyage between New York and San Francisco. This legal monopoly has

been, doubtless, detrimental to British and other foreign shipping companies, which, under terms of equal competition, would have secured a large share of the coasting trade. It has been still more detrimental to American merchants and consumers, for it has precluded them from the advantages of better facilities of transport and lower rates which equal competition would have afforded. But it cannot, in our judgment, be contended with any show of reason that the opening of the Panama Canal requires the Government of the United States to cancel this monopoly. Such a concession was evidently no part of the intention of either party to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, nor does the coastwise clause impose any new or real discrimination. It merely safeguards or secures a discrimination already existing and founded upon general principles of policy which have no particular reference to Panama.

The clearness of the American case upon this head is, indeed, somewhat obscured by the language of the Memorandum with which President Taft accompanied his signature of the Act. He there argues that, since other nations have an undeniable right to extend "favours" to their ships using the Canal, it would be "absurd" to refuse a similar right to the Government of the United States. In conclusion, he protests "against any proposal to read into the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty a surrender by the United States of its right to regulate its own commerce in its own way, by its own method, a right which neither Great Britain herself nor any other nation which may use the Canal has surrendered, or proposes to surrender." The ambiguity of such language is to be regretted. The only "favours" which other nations could extend to their ships would be in the shape of bounties, and nobody would think of denying a similar right to the United States to subsidise her vessels. The vice of Mr. Taft's contention is that it goes beyond the requirements of his case. It would appear to sustain the wider discrimination against foreign ships, which has disappeared from the final draft of the Act. All that Mr. Taft needed to argue was that it could not be contended that the Panama Act should be made an instrument for the practical abandonment of the navigation policy previously in operation. Perhaps it was unnecessary to have inserted in the Act any clause presenting this appearance of discrimination. For the Act could hardly have been interpreted by any International Court as designed to remove from the United States a right of regulating purely internal traffic, which belongs to every sovereign Power. But fair-minded people must recognise that the clause inflicts no new grievance upon the trade of this or any other country. We hope, therefore, that there is no truth in the rumor that our Government is entering a protest at Washington against this provision of the Panama Act. Such a protest, especially at such a moment, when even the most obliging of Americans is on his guard against any show of knuckling under to foreigners, would be a serious blunder. No American Government could concede a point, involving, incidentally, so grave a disturbance of deep-rooted policy, and we do not for a moment believe that any international tribunal would decide the matter in our favor.

It is, however, possible that the clause precluding from all use of the Canal ships owned by railroads which are themselves competitors for traffic with the Panama route, may be a subject of discussion between our Government and that of the United States. For, though the text of the new Act does not make it clear how the prohibition applies to transport companies outside the jurisdiction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, it has been generally understood that it is to be extended to the vessels owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It would certainly appear as if the refusal to Canadian companies of the use of the Canal for purposes of foreign, *i.e.*, non-American, commerce was an infringement of the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. Nor do we understand by what extension of the federal laws at Washington any action of a Canadian railway can be brought within the purview of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. On such a matter there may be good reason for discussion, and, if necessary, arbitration, between this country and the United States. Nor, perhaps, is the extraordinary extension which the latter country gives to "coasting" to be deemed a question entirely outside the range of international consideration. But those journals in Great Britain and on the Continent which are arraigning with so much vehemence the claim of America to remit the fees for her coasting vessels, are beating the air. Their case is founded upon a complete misapprehension of the governing facts of the situation. Though this misapprehension seems to be shared by not a few leaders of public opinion in the United States, this support is evidently a survival of the strong feeling aroused against the quite unjustifiable claims of the earlier draft of the measure. When it comes to be recognised that the Act merely confirms a previously existing discrimination in favor of American coastwise trade, there will, we think, be a general acquiescence in this provision.

A STATE IN DANGER.

A REUTER'S telegram from Singapore has just recalled the remarkable State of Sarawak to notice. The history of that State for the last seventy years makes one of the finest romances of English courage, persistence, and justice. It was in 1839 that James Brooke first landed there, and three years later he was declared Rajah. His nephew, Charles Brooke, the present Rajah, called there as a midshipman in 1844, came to reside in 1852, took up the Government in 1863, succeeded as Rajah on his uncle's death in 1868, and secured the British protection for his country in 1888. We give the dates to show how long and intimate has been the Rajah's knowledge of the people over whom he has ruled with such extraordinary success. As to the Rajah's position in regard to this country, we believe there is no exact parallel to it, but it is minutely set forth in the Agreement of 1888 between the Foreign Office and the Queen's Cabinet Council on one side, and the Rajah and the Supreme Council of Sarawak on the other. The terms are given in the recent "History of Sarawak under its Two White Rajahs," by Mr. Baring-Gould and Mr. C. A. Bamp-

fylde, the late Resident. They "acknowledge the Rajah as the lawful ruler of the State of Sarawak, which shall continue to be governed and administered by him and his successors as an independent State under the protection of Great Britain, and confer no power on Her Majesty's Government to interfere with the internal administration of the State." Any question arising respecting the succession is to be referred to the British Government for decision. The foreign relations of the State are to be conducted by the British Government, and that Government has the right to establish Consuls. Britain has also the right of "most-favored-nation," and no alienation or cession of any part of the territory may be made to a foreign State without British consent.

Sarawak was a savage country, and during the seventy years both Rajahs have had dangerous troubles with the pagan Dayaks, the Mussulman Malays, and especially with Chinese settlers. But gradually the little State, with its half-million population, has risen to prosperity and contentment. The taxation on natives we believe to be the lowest in the world, yet the revenue always shows a balance. Trade in sago, pepper, rubber, and other produce increases, and the old Borneo Company, established nearly fifty years ago, prospers. But the spirit in which the Rajah has governed is best expressed by Consul Keyser's report to the Foreign Office in 1899. After speaking of the State's gradual progress, he adds:—

"It is because the ruler of the country regards his position as a trust held by him for the benefit of the inhabitants that this progress is necessarily slow, since sudden jumps from the methods of the past to the up-to-dateism of modern ideas, though advantageous to the pocket, and on paper attractive, are not always conducive to the happiness of the people when peremptorily translated."

But now the Rajah is old, and he sees dangers ahead of the inhabitants, for the benefit of whom he has always held his position as a trust. In his recent speech to the Sarawak State Council, he spoke of "those who might wish to intrigue against and injure the independence or integrity of the country." There is no need to suppose that he had the Dutch of Borneo, or any other foreign Power, in his mind. The worst enemies of such a country's independence and integrity are not foreign Governments, but the concessionaires, who claim the land and produce, reduce the natives to the condition of "contract laborers" or slaves, and regard the country, not as "a trust for the benefit of the inhabitants," but as a source of wealth, to be tapped for the luxury of a few idle people in European capitals. We cannot say whether the Rajah apprehended some particular and definite danger of this kind threatening his State; but we know well enough where the danger lies for this or any other country which can be made to produce large quantities of rubber, cocoa-nut, and mineral oil by the enforced labor of the country's natural owners and occupiers. It is a danger we see wherever we touch tropical produce and native labor—the danger of concessions worked in the sole interest of those who make haste to be rich. We do not want any more Congo scandals, whether Belgian or French. We do not want any more of the "servical" system of Angola and San

Thomé. Still less do we want another Putumayo Company, no matter what names of lords and courtiers might stand on its list of directors.

In averting the general fate of "concessions" from his excellently-governed little State, we need not say that we should stand by the Rajah to the utmost of our power. The protection of Sarawak was, unhappily, as we think, transferred a few years ago from the Foreign to the Colonial Office, and if any such danger is now impending it is Mr. Harcourt's duty to investigate it and give warning. The Rajah himself is evidently apprehensive. He hopes to counter the peril by creating a Council in London to watch over his country's interests, to act as trustees of invested money, advisers in financial affairs, and upholders of the State's independence. He proposes to form this Council of old inhabitants of Sarawak, and no doubt the old inhabitants who have faithfully served at his side—men like Mr. C. A. Bampfylde—would best form the majority as long as they survive. But we should suggest the addition of such well-known administrators, friends of natives, and enemies of concessionaires as Sir Godfrey Lagden or Sir Harry Johnston. Under a Council built up on those lines, the true interests of Sarawak, as distinct from the pocket interests of a few financial speculators, would be safeguarded. At the least, the Council would issue warnings upon the approach of danger, and one of the worst perils of concessions is that they are prepared in the dark, perhaps with the connivance of some interested official, and are then let loose upon their helpless victims as "established facts," which can no longer be averted or overthrown.

The particular case of Sarawak is only an instance of a general danger. It threatens, as we said, the whole belt of tropical and even sub-tropical fertility. It even threatens other independent or semi-independent States that, like Sarawak, have prospered under a white man's guidance—such States, we mean, as Basutoland, which Sir Godfrey Lagden directed so well, or Egba (Abeokuta) in Southern Nigeria. In countries rich in native produce, especially in countries cursed with rubber, a new slavery has arisen as oppressive and often as cruel as the old; and the directors and shareholders who grow rich on such a system are more to be condemned than the resident owners of the old slave-plantations. To combat this modern slavery, the Government must act as the two great Rajahs of Sarawak have acted. It must regard its position as a trust for the benefit of the inhabitants. It must declare that the land and its produce belong to the natives, and that they have the free right of trade. How rapidly trade may grow under such conditions is shown by the example of the Gold Coast, where, we believe, the first cocoa-tree was introduced only twenty-one years ago, and last year the yield from cocoa plantations, all in native hands, was 90,000,000 lb. For cases of sale, land courts should be established, perhaps consisting of the local judicial authorities, as being the most independent and least likely of all officials to pave the way for future concessions, in order that they may become directors on retirement. We have now to fight a new slavery, and the contest threatens to be as long and difficult as the fight against the slavery of the past. In

this contest, the guiding principle to remember is that where land and produce are made over to concessionaires, and the natives are left landless and debarred from trade in their natural wealth, some form of slavery must inevitably be the result.

THE LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION.

It takes a little time for the public to become familiar with the character of a statesman. There may sometimes be a complete separation between the public utterances and the private life of a prominent politician; and people who have only read his speeches might be surprised were they to meet him in his domestic surroundings. Nevertheless, through his speeches, especially if he is very much to the fore, and has frequently to intervene in House of Commons debate, the true character of the man will eventually emerge, and be revealed even to those who do not know him personally.

Mr. Bonar Law was, as a Front Bench man, comparatively unknown, until he was hoisted on to the pinnacle of leadership. He was considered a smart debater, and a formidable exponent of Tariff Reform, and also had the reputation of having a sharp tongue and a good memory. The quotations he read from the little washing-book kept in his breast coat pocket were often very embarrassing, and his precise handling of statistics was baffling, when it was not too obviously incorrect. But there was nothing special about him to indicate future eminence. His appointment to the leadership of his party in the House of Commons was as unexpected to him as it was to everyone else. No one could accuse him of having worked to reach such a high position; but, once appointed, he was clearly determined to assert himself. A long enough time has elapsed since the choice was made for some definite opinion to be formed of his capacity and method, and of the man himself.

The task entrusted to him was not to enunciate a policy, or point the way to an ideal, but to lead the Tory Party. His predecessor failed, because he was careless as to whether people approved or disapproved of what he said. Mr. Balfour found debating in the House of Commons a stimulating game, in which he could show astonishing proficiency. While conscious that in Parliamentary skill and ability he was head and shoulders above any of his colleagues, he cared little for platform-speaking, and never attempted to rouse a strong following in the country, because that side of his duties did not interest him. It was always said of him that at public meetings the cheers that greeted him when he rose to his feet far exceeded those he received on resuming his seat. In spite of vague, semi-philosophic opinions, an invertebrate attitude of mind, and lack of virility, he had an attractive personality, and was a difficult man to succeed. Mr. Bonar Law made no attempt to imitate the rejected leader. Having ascertained what the Tories wanted, he laid himself out from the first to please them. But his position was difficult, for there was not only the embarrassing presence of his former chief, who soon returned to the House to watch his successor with a critical glance through his pince-nez. The new leader also found himself flanked on all occasions by two men, on either of whom the cloak of leadership had been expected to fall, and both of whom had held Cabinet rank. On one side sat Mr. Austen Chamberlain, with a far more perfect knowledge of House of Commons methods, the intricacies of procedure, and the technicalities of debate—a modern Conservative whom the more advanced spirits in the party would have been quite ready to accept. On the other side was Mr. Walter Long, a typical Tory squire, with all the prejudices and limitations dear to the hearts of the more old-fashioned Tories.

But it was Mr. Bonar Law who had to lead, and to do it successfully he came to the conclusion that his tone

must be pugnacious, his arguments crude, and his manner violent. The first efforts were a great failure. He was bewildered, fell into traps, showed ignorance of the methods of debate, made disastrous interruptions, and was obliged to retract his statements; till at last the party behind him began to fear that the change in leadership was going to be a disaster. But they were told to be patient, to come into the House and cheer him, encourage him, and give him a chance. Gradually a style was developed to suit them. An outsider, judging by his speeches on important occasions, would pronounce him to be an entirely unscrupulous, irresponsible partisan, who had no notion of statesmanship, and was only intent on the party game. It is because Mr. Bonar Law believes that to lead the party he must act differently from his predecessor, and must, at all costs, draw cheers from the gang who crowd into the corner behind the Speaker's chair and make a great deal of noise in the later hours of the evening. He cannot see the faces behind him of the more enlightened members of his party, who plunge their heads into their hands, or stare at the ceiling, or even writhe when the worst experiments in vituperation are in full swing. He seems determined to play up to the wildest reactionaries, rebel with the rebellious, and outdo the most extreme of the extremists. This is his method, and in its very crudeness there is something naive and ingenuous. None of it is really sincere or spontaneous. When, in his stiff and rather awkward manner, he taps the box with the tips of his fingers, and pumps up vehemence, indignation, and violence, anyone without knowing him personally can be quite sure that it requires an effort on his part constantly to drag down the level of debate in this way. All the while he is obeying orders and acting a part. This is obviously not the real Mr. Bonar Law. But Liberals throughout the country who have no opportunity for close observation must estimate him at his surface value.

He has, it is true, no charm of manner, and no personal magnetism. Mr. Balfour had the one, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the other. Tory aristocrats think him dull and undistinguished; they are rather contemptuous about him, and no doubt they make him feel it. They would have preferred one of their own caste as leader. But they think, in the circumstances, such a man may be useful, because they hope he will not be too squeamish, and will hit out in a way they themselves would shrink from doing, but which they are quite ready to applaud in someone else. There is no past record or special prestige to recommend him as a successor to Disraeli and Salisbury. He is just a stop-gap. But the party trust to his command of strong language to lift them out of the slough into which they have drifted during the last ten years. Knowing what is expected of him, he is determined to justify fully his appointment.

But a true diagnosis would, we believe, show, perhaps to the surprise of some, that Mr. Bonar Law is really an extremely modest man—simple, humble, and entirely without affectation: a man, too, of enlightenment and knowledge, kindly, considerate, with no selfish ambitions, and entirely devoid of malice. Speeches delivered by him on minor occasions, when there is no need for party scores, and when the noisy gang in the corner have not turned up, show a wide knowledge of affairs, and sometimes strike a note which, though it may find no echo in the party behind him, displays thoughtful observation and a sympathetic grasp of affairs. On these occasions, which are rare, he speaks more for himself than he does for his party. Being quite unworldly, he is said to care little for high society, and his presence in great houses is purely official. Were his position not so prominent, he would probably avoid altogether the company of an exclusive aristocracy to which he does not naturally belong.

The new Tory leader is greatly handicapped by not having any definite line of policy to advocate, nor any clear line of action to pursue. A purely negative attitude of destructive criticism against all Government proposals cannot be made inspiring, and cannot lift a party towards a more hopeful future. In the darkest days of their opposition, the Liberal Party could declare

their loyalty to certain clear principles. But in what principles does modern Toryism believe? Their highest and indeed their sole ambition is to turn the Government out.

If Mr. Bonar Law succeeds in the true sense as a leader—and of that many have grave doubts—it will not be by sacrificing himself, setting aside his own personal predilections and yielding to the dictates of desperation. Such a course must break him as a man. By playing to the gallery and adopting the "new style," he may attain a fleeting success. And although his party, from the vantage ground of Opposition, may, in the long run, gain their object in destroying the present administration, they can only assume the reins of Government for a very brief period on a barren policy of negation.

Political attack is far easier than defence. An Opposition always starts with a better chance at a general election, because every form of disaffection takes the line of being "agin the Government." This is what made the Liberal victories at the last two elections so remarkable; and it was the three consecutive electoral failures that led the Opposition to reconstitute their organisation and change their leader.

The Opposition may be led by means of invective and unscrupulous tactics which will harmonise with the militant party spirit, or by statesmanship and reasoned argument which will prove to the moderate opinion that is said to turn elections that an alternative Government is possible and preferable. Mr. Bonar Law has chosen the former course; he has been driven to it by a mistaken sense of loyalty to his colleagues, and in order to show gratitude for the unexpected confidence which has been reposed in him. Such a pressure of circumstances in the career of a politician must be rare, but is quite comprehensible. The rôle cannot be to his liking, nor by the method he adopts is the great party to which he belongs going permanently to retrieve its fortunes.

Conservatism, at its best, aims at moderation, caution, and preservation. Its progressive and constructive spirit makes Liberalism a far better engine for opposition. Moreover, Conservatism has been severely maimed during the last decade; its privileges are disappearing and the equipment of its aristocratic wing is proving itself more and more inadequate. Lack of ability and absence of ideal have driven it to take up a reactionary and retrograde line. The leader who can save the party from further humiliation must be a man of outstanding ability and strong character, who can lead in his own way and on his own lines; and he must not merely be tolerated but acclaimed by his followers. At present no such leader is forthcoming, and no one can envy the unfortunate man who has been forced to take the helm of a rickety ship in a stormy sea.

A RADICAL MEMBER.

Life and Letters.

THE NEMESIS OF "BLACK BARTHOLOMEW."

THERE are commemorations which are better left uncommemorated. A long memory does not make either for the happiness of individuals or for the peace of nations. It is not to be regretted that to most of us the Fifth of November no longer recalls the Gunpowder Treason; it would be well if the Battle of the Boyne bulked less in the imagination of Ulster. Not the least important lesson of life and history is to have learned to forget. The animosities associated with "Black Bartholomew" are happily less acute than those which the rival factions, Orange and Green, of Belfast celebrate with broken heads and uprooted paving-stones. Yet, if the anniversary were no more than the record of an old wrong, why (we might ask) revive it? The conflict is long over; and the wrong was not all on one side. The sufficient reason for celebrating August 24th is that the events which it commemorates bear directly on latter-day problems, and furnish the key to the religious situa-

tion in which Englishmen find themselves in our own time.

The Act of Uniformity of 1662 dealt the death-blow to what was the essential feature of the Tudor settlement of religion—its nationality. Hitherto the Church had been in idea, and might have been made in fact, co-extensive with the nation. Now it became a denomination—the most comprehensive, indeed, as it was the most privileged, of the denominations; a denomination which, retaining the larger conception of the Church, retained also the possibility, should circumstances change, of realising this conception; but, for all that, a denomination, because, by embodying matter alien from the Christian idea in its polity and ritual, it excluded an important section of the nation from its bounds. Thus Nonconformity came into being. For the first time in history, English Churchmen thought and spoke of Englishmen, like themselves Christians, as “them that are without.”

The strain, strange as it may seem, was greater than that of the Reformation: two hundred clergy “went out” under Elizabeth, two thousand under Charles II. The gulf between Rome and Protestantism was, indeed, greater than that between Episcopacy and Presbytery. But the national conscience was ripe for the former change, while in the presence of the latter it was divided. And the memories of the Civil War did not make for moderation. Personal feeling, we may believe, was strong both in the scruples of the Puritans and in the high-handedness with which they were met by the restored bishops; the Savoy Conference “heightened the sharpness that was then in men’s minds.”

Politics and religion were mixed till the two had become indistinguishable. The Anglican clergy had little reason to love the Commonwealth, which had treated them with great and indiscriminate harshness; and, if the reason for those severe measures was rather their fidelity to their King than their stickling for Episcopacy, the course taken by events was such as to unite the two loyalties in one intense flame. Their position was strong. In many cases the original occupants of the benefices, invaded during the interregnum by unauthorised ministers, were still living. Were they not to be reinstated? it was, and is, asked; was the work of Laud, and Bancroft, and Andrewes to be undone? To such reasoning, plausible as it might appear, the answer was simple: the Declaration of Breda blocked the way. Charles was not a fanatic. If he had any religion at all, he was a Catholic; and, had he been left to himself, it is probable that the *status quo* would have been undisturbed. But he was not the man to face difficulties in support of an unpopular cause. His one settled purpose in life was not to go again, as he expressed it, on his travels; and he would take no risks. If he would not do so to save the victims of Oates from the scaffold, he certainly would not to enable the Presbyterians—whom he hated with the hatred which a mean man feels for those from whom he has received a benefit—to retain their cures. The engagement entered into at Breda, it has been urged, was subject to the ratification of Parliament. The answer to sophistry of this kind is that the Restoration could not have taken place without the co-operation of the Presbyterians, and that this would not have been given had any question as to the King’s power to perform his undertaking been entertained. That Charles was faced by the rancours of the restored exiles is true—as was Louis XVIII. in 1815. But the landmarks of the Commonwealth, like those of the Revolution, were ineffaceable. It was impossible to restore the Church of Bossuet; it was equally impossible to restore the Church of Laud. To a moderate Episcopacy, little or no opposition would have been offered. With Prelacy, it was otherwise; the attempt to force it on the nation was fatal to the unity and natural development of English religious life.

The more vigorous elements of this life were alienated from what was still the Church of the majority of the nation, and entered into new combinations. This was not wholly to their advantage. The removal of a controlling public opinion encouraged an excessive growth of individualism; “the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion” are

condiments to, not components of, piety; this suffers when they prevail. The Church, on the other hand, fell into the dull rut of routine. In a generation the Stuarts had made themselves impossible; and with their fall the new Anglicanism lost the Nonjurors. Zeal, ill or well directed, was, it seemed, a thing which it could neither assimilate nor endure. The same phenomenon repeated itself in the case of Wesley; the Methodists did not separate willingly; they were forced into separation, because the Church erected things indifferent into conditions of communion. Thus it periodically shed its more vigorous members, and was depleted, in consequence, of energy and life. It was unable to meet the Tractarian Movement by an affirmation of living Evangelical Protestantism; the narrow orthodoxy of Oxford was no match for the passion and fire of Newman; he shattered himself against its dead weight, but it was incapable of production; it could do no more than oppose. This has all along been its main function. It has opposed different movements at different periods—Romanism, Dissent, Reform, Criticism; but throughout it has opposed. Opposition is at times a necessity; but the life of an institution, ecclesiastical or civil, that lives on opposition, will be short.

At the present time Catholicism exercises over it the attraction that a greater body often exercises over a smaller. The Episcopal form of Church government, retained from a political rather than a religious motive, has come to be regarded as vital; medievalism, in ceremonial and doctrine, is fashionable; the name of Protestant is left contemptuously to Nonconformists; the stream of secessions to Rome is incessant, if its quality is thin. These features mark decadence; and this decadence is directly traceable to the expulsion of the stronger and more progressive elements from the Church at the Restoration. The Feast of St. Bartholomew was blacker for the Bishops than for their opponents; the real defeat was that of the winning, not of the losing, side. The weakness of the English Church of to-day lies not in the extravagances of a few extremists—with these, were it backed by public opinion, the law could deal—but in the general rise in the ecclesiastical temperature among Churchmen, in the alienation of the clerical from the lay mind. No direct remedy is available. The average layman is less and less interested in such matters; the Bishops reflect the mind of the “Guardian,” and follow, if not very willingly, the lead of Lord Halifax and the “Church Times.” The best hope for English religion lies in the restoration of the original idea of the National Church as the nation on its religious side. A policy of co-operation with the Nonconformist bodies at home, the maintenance of fraternal relations with the Reformed Churches of Scotland and the Continent, and an attitude of sympathy with the moral and intellectual aspirations of the new age, would go far to undo the evil work of “Black Bartholomew,” and to restore the candlestick of the English Church.

“CULTIVATED SCORN.”

WE have eight or ten little books before us, the yield of the last few months, all of the same character, and all good of their kind. They are in verse, but they are not poetry; they make no attempt at being poetry, and they are less like it than a lighted cigarette is like a smelting furnace. The verse is of a kind in which the French are thought to excel; but, after all, we doubt if they could beat the English masters at it during the last three centuries. In its larger and finer forms, it reached its height with Pope and Byron, but a humbler and more popular form is more characteristic, and in that this country counts a remarkable line of masters, from Suckling, Praed, Prior, Churchill, and the authors of the “Rejected Addresses,” down to Calverley, Gilbert, and J. K. Stephen. There are some living masters, too; not to speak of Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. C. L. Graves, and “the great twin brethren,” to whom so many people pray, one may watch with hope assured for “Dum-Dum,” for certain initials that hit the mark week by week in the “Observer,” and for two other sets of

initials that can hit it almost every morning in the "Daily Chronicle." England seems really to be peculiarly productive of this kind of thing; and that would be strange if we were the dull and heavy race we allow the world to think us. For this kind of thing is the verse of wit.

The Universities have a great deal to do with the matter, and of the books before us a large proportion hail from Oxford or Cambridge, the numbers being equally divided between the two. Undergraduates have a passion for the verse of wit. There is usually a cynicism about it that suits the young, and as undergraduates have not very much to say, they esteem form very highly. The whole of their education tends to "form," and in the verse of wit the form must reach perfection or absolutely fail. Open "Fly Leaves" where you will, and you will find the right sort of perfection:—

"Grinder, jocund-hearted Grinder,
Near whom Barbary's nimble son,
Poised with skill upon his hinder
Paws, accept the proffered bun";

Or again:—

"I never nursed a dear gazelle;
But I was given a parrot—
(How I did nurse him if unwell!)
He's imbecile, but lingers yet.
He's green, with an enchanting tuft;
He melts me with his small black eye;
He'd look inimitable stuffed,
And knows it—but he will not die!"

There we have parody, and the undergraduate loves parody—such parody as is best seen in the "Rejected Addresses," the "Shotover Papers" ("Opitiless Procuratores," &c.), and Calverley ("Sikes, housebreaker, of Houndsditch, Habitually swore," and so on). But in those two quotations, notice the perfect ease of the language, and the natural order of the words. Both are essential for the verse of wit. And notice the surprise of the rhyme, as in "grinder" and "hinder." That is not essential, but it assists greatly, and if the rhymes are trisyllabic, so much the better. Byron excelled both in surprise and in whimsical trisyllables. See "Don Juan" *passim*. After telling of the line of lights up to Charing Cross, for instance, he remarks that Continental cities were not so well illuminated:—

"The French were not yet a lamp-lighting nation,
And when they grew so on their new-found lantern,
Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn."

Or, for trisyllabic rhymes, take the verse on Juan's mother:—

"Her favorite science was the mathematical,
Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was Attic all,
Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity:
In short, in all things she was fairly what I call
A prodigy: her morning dress was dimity,
Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin,
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay puzzling."

Taking these models as tests of style in this manner, we find Mr. Kellett of Cambridge makes admirable undergraduate verse in his "Carmina Ephemera" (Bowes & Bowes). On hearing there are many Cambridge M.A.'s among London cabmen, for instance, he begins:

"As to Tutors and to Coaches,
Times grow harder than before;
As the hungry wolf approaches
Daily nearer to the door;
As in teaching for the Little—
Go they find their little gone,
While the coat of garb and victual
Marches unrelenting on."

Or, turning to the slang of cricket—for games at ball are favored by the undergraduate Muse, though, thank Heaven! we have not found much about golf in these volumes, not even an imitation of Omar—Mr. Kellett writes:—

"How through the cultured soul of Fry
Must thrill the literary throb,
On reading in the *Sporting Life*,
That he has crack'd the dreaded 'blob';
I envy not the fame of Gunn,
Who scans the morning sheet, and finds
How at the last 'a curly one
Has caught him in a pair of minds."

Mr. A. P. Herbert (of Oxford) in "Play Hours with Pegasus," and Mr. Hartley Carrick (of Cambridge) in

"The Muse in Motley," both do the charming undergraduate equally well, and are so much alike, one could swear they were twins pining for each other in rival Universities. But "Metri Gratia," by Mr. Philip Guedalla (of Oxford), has a distinctive historic touch, as becomes a future historian, and since, in spite of his title, much of his best stuff is in prose, we have to leave him out, though his wit is often the genuine "cultivated scorn."

In "Party Whips" (Frank Palmer), by Mr. Ian Colvin, we pass into a different atmosphere. Here is the undergraduate wit grown older, political, and satiric. The satire has even become a little too serious and savage to be classed as "cultivated scorn." It is not that we complain of the opinions. We have here nothing to do with opinions. We are thinking only of the manner, and can congratulate the rhymist on being such an extreme Tory; for it is only in Opposition that satire has a chance. We merely think that the personal attacks are too bruising and bludgeoning for wit. As the very mildest example we can find, take the "Playful Epistle to F. C. G.," in which Mr. Colvin suggests various subjects for the caricaturist, if only he were Tory:—

"Then think what pretty pictures you could make
Of Winston, working for his party's sake,
With Lloyd George racing for a common goal—
The Cook and Peary of the Liberal pole;
Or kindly Mother Asquith doing her best
With two unselfish cuckoos in one nest;
Or, again, Winston on the Kaiser's mat,
Preparing for a last stupendous rat."

That is the mildest passage, and there is no denying the satiric power. We can see the three pictures suggested exactly as they would appear, with "F. C. G." in the corner—the work of the sharp pencil that "could do almost everything but draw." But the whole book is just too vehement and savage for the cultivated scorn we are discussing. It is significant that for the most part the writer returns to Pope's satiric couplet. Well, Pope could be savage too:—

"Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad."

But then, it was "Calypso," not the model, whoever she may have been, that was thus described; and there is something soothing about "strange graces still." More cruel is "Narcissa's" portrait:—

"Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare;"

And so on, with accumulating satire. But Pope does not blurt out the name as Mr. Colvin does. He could excuse himself as satirising a type, and even in his most famous personal onslaught—the lines on Addison—with what courteous art he begins, by his courtesy sharpening the deadly thrusts that follow:—

"Peace to all such! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,"

And so, line by line, stroke after stroke is driven home; but all as though Pope loved his victim.

Let us turn to one of the living masters in the verse of wit. Mr. Charles Graves is beyond the age of undergraduates, and "The Brain of the Nation" is not published in Oxford, but by Smith, Elder & Co., and yet the verse is Oxford's all the same. It is characteristic of the author that many of the verses, avoiding scorn, are given up to generous appreciation and the most delicate kind of praise; as is seen in the memorial lines on Professor Butcher, or on the verses to Mr. John Buchan, beginning:—

"John, you awe-inspiring wizard,
Whose indomitable quill
Stirs me to the very gizzard
With sheer envy of its skill"

—verses that remind one of Swift's affectionate irony in the verses beginning:—

"In Pope I cannot read a line,
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine."

We will stick, however, to the "cultivated scorn," and here we have it in every form, and of excellent quality. The book opens with an address to Mr. Pease on his appointment as President of the Board of Education, dwelling upon his sporting and athletic qualifications for the post, as set forth in "Who's Who." We take one or two verses:—

"That you're not a Senior Wrangler is indisputably true,
But at Cambridge, thirty years ago, you won a Football Blue;
And, judging by the practice which has now become a rule,
You might have been an usher at a fashionable school.

"Unversed in the laborious works of Freeman or of Stubbs,
You are at least a member of a dozen sporting clubs;
Your cricket still is passable; you motor and you hunt;
And are quite as good as Runciman in managing a punt.

"Though your name is not in any of the Cambridge Tripos lists,
You have kept a pack of beagles, and are supple in the wrists;
Your handicap at golf is low; it isn't scratch, I grant;
But you play a great deal better than Asquith or Morant."

In the same satiric and cheering vein is the ode "To Mars in Opposition," reminding us of recent Secretaries at the War Office and Admiralty:—

"Sleek Haldane, mildest-mannered sage
That e'er translated Schopenhauer,
Now pores on Clausewitz's page,
And, goaded by a martial rage,
Bears witness to your power;
While smug McKenna, spurred to roam,
In fighting kit across the foam,
Now never feels himself at home,
Save in a conning tower."

Leaving politics for letters, we find verses of cultivated scorn addressed to a gentleman who had complained that someone wrote to him as "Mr. C. K. Sholes." Just one or two samples:—

"He never has dined with Lord Knollys,
He never goes gambling to Monte,
But he owns two or three parasols
That belonged to the late Charlotte Brontë.

"He breakfasts on coffee and rolls;
He lunches off oysters and porter;
His curls have the blackness of coals—
They're like Paderewski's, but shorter.

"So whenever in Fleet Street he strolls,
Policemen look hurriedly up,
And cry, 'That's the great Mr. Sholes,
Who writes such delectable gup.'"

And we only wish we had room for the whole of "Journalistic Detachment," which begins and ends its five verses with:—

"The dogs of war are unleashed,
The eagles are waxing fat,
But I read on the bill of *The Daily Thrill*—
Shots in a West-end Flat."

"And when the last trump shall rend
The world to its midmost hub,
The Daily Thrill will adorn its bill
With 'Raid on a West-end Club.'"

Were we not right in saying that in this kind our country is particularly rich? And if, from these examples, present and future undergraduates cannot make out the rules of the witty game, the traditions of "Shotover" and Calverley will be broken, and eighteenth-century ghosts will no more be felt walking from Fleet Street to The Mall.

ENGLISH HOLIDAYS.

ENGLAND is remarkably well off in the matter of amusements, and the English beyond most people have the gift of extracting from life its last ounce of physical enjoyment. That is not, perhaps, their usual reputation. People talk of the French as the supreme merry-makers of the world, and regard us as a sombre, saturnine people, who take our pleasures sadly. We have not, it is true, the delightful capacity of the Latins for extracting much out of little; ours is rather the opposite quality, which tends to reduce everything to its lowest denomination. But no one who really knows the life of the English people during the latter half of the year, and the carelessly magnificent existence which the "upper classes" lead from the moment grouse-

shooting opens to the moment fox-hunting ends, will deny that, given our peculiar standards, we know how to make the most of a good time. Holidays are in our blood. We are really and conscientiously a lazy people. The whole formation of English society makes indolence come easy. Indeed, just as the famous actor is said never to rest except when on the stage, so, as a nation, we may be described as never strenuous except on holidays: then we are positive demons of energy. We shoot, fish, hunt, climb, walk, play golf and tennis with a zeal we scrupulously refrain from throwing into business. Easy-going when it is a matter of making money, we are enthusiasts in the spending of it; and the error, if error it be, is one on the right side of the account. The money-making faculty is frequently, perhaps usually, linked with an abnormal lack of faculties in all other directions; the test of wisdom is to know how to spend it. We English, during the summer holidays, spend it with open hands, but not recklessly. We get, if not a good return for it, at least the return we are aiming at. We build with it what is probably the most elaborate, ordered, and enduring fabric of enjoyment—of course, of a rather vulgar kind—that is to be found anywhere.

In the variety of our ways of holiday-making we easily lead the world. Thousands of us overrun the Continent, not as an army of invasion, but as an army of occupation, each unit of which carries with him a miniature England of his own, and the sports, the mode of life, the manners, and the social environment he is used to at home. Full justice has never been done—perhaps only a Frenchman could do it—to the significance of this annual efflorescence of social Imperialism. Descending upon Europe in the best spirit of a conquering race, firm in our ignorance of every language but our own, we establish one stronghold after another of British influence, we exact a universal conformity to our ways of doing things, we dispossess "the natives," and give them the air of strangers and intruders in their own land. Whether we affect the torpid cosmopolitanism of places like Marienbad and Kissingen, or choose rather to devastate Switzerland and Italy, or set about converting Normandy and Brittany, and, indeed, the whole coast of Northern France, into a succession of British encampments, we dominate, we almost tyrannise over, our surroundings with the same insufferable unconsciousness that makes us the most successful and the least-liked of Empire-builders. It is a wonderful tribute to the facility of the French, that they have formed an *entente* with us, in spite of the British tourist.

But apart altogether from the Continent, we have turned the British Isles into a veritable playground for the sporting rich. The twenty special trains that, on a single day, a week or two ago left a single London station for Scotland and the North, bearing the usual host of sportsmen and their families, valets, maids, chauffeurs, grooms, pointers and setters, were an astonishing commentary on our persevering pursuit of pleasure. No country in the world depends so much for its living on sport as Scotland. Millions of acres that fifty years ago were let at a peppercorn rent, now bring in handsome sums as grouse moors and deer forests; and the time is not far off when all Scotsmen who are not Cabinet Ministers will be gillies, caddies, or beaters, or will serve in some other capacity in the vast and expanding organisation that ministers to sport. The trail of the millionaire is over the entire country; the scale of living has been raised to the standards they set; and, except the sea and the golf-links, they have seized and monopolised pretty nearly all the domain of sport that was once open to the impecunious man. For the next four or five months, from one end of the United Kingdom to the other, it will be difficult to get out of gun-shot. But while shooting is the supreme pastime of the well-to-do, there is a great army of Englishmen with less elastic banking accounts who spend their holidays fishing. For them, too, ample provision is made; and one has to be singularly unlucky not to find oneself within reach of a stream where one may try one's luck

without hindrance or expense, or with the mere formality of applying for leave to the proprietor.

Boating is another favorite recreation of our people. Every riverside village and townlet has its annual regatta, and every navigable stream, in a normal summer, is dotted with camping-out parties, while the smallest seaside resort has its race-day for sailing-boats, rowing-boats, climbing the greasy pole, obstacle races, swimming races, and so on. Yachting does not rank among the foremost of British sports, yet an immense amount of it is indulged in; and there must be some thousands of people who spend their holidays at sea in their own boats. A diversion which still holds its own is the walking or bicycling tour. We are not a people given to sudden crazes in the matter of sports; we are a country of old favorites, even in our recreations. There are seasons, of course, in which some game like ping-pong or diabolo carries everything before it for the moment, and is then as suddenly dropped. But, on the whole, a sport that has once become popular in England remains so. Bicycling is a case in point. It astounds Americans to hear that more cycles are sold in England than ever, and that the whole country is a network of cycling clubs, whose members organise successive tours through the summer months. Our people, again, have always been keen pedestrians, and thousands of them devote their vacation to tramping the Welsh hills or the Lake District, or Devonshire, or some other of the almost countless regions that in England offer one a combination of passable roads, beautiful scenery, and historic associations. Touring by caravan is not so popular a pastime, but is still not uncommon, and those who once take to it declare that it kills the desire for any other kind of holiday. And besides all this, there are the joys of motoring for those who can afford them, while even a third-rate resort boasts its golf-links, its tennis courts, and its cricket club. As for those who prefer to spend their holidays loafing in gregarious crowds, there are times when England seems laid out for them above all others. On the whole, it is every Englishman's fault if in August and September he fails to enjoy himself.

A LOST VALLEY.

THE story of English pleasure landscape is almost everywhere one that flows rapidly from discovery to vulgarisation. The road replaces the mountain track, the most stubborn and picturesque passes are made smooth to the million feet, then the railway places all within the reach of a one-day excursion, villas of brick spring up among grey boulders and heather, all the insulted dryads flee, and there is but another suburb added to the nearest maze of streets. There is outcry every time a pass, such as Sty Head, is measured for its road, every time the railway claims a new summit for its own, or when hydroplanes make a sacred piece of water their paddling-place. But the only consideration that finally counts is, "Will the enterprise pay?" If the answer is in the affirmative, either the nation must buy out the speculators or the butchery must go forward. Broken ginger-beer bottles pave the height of Snowdon; to-day's paper flutters in Killarney's arbutus groves; the telegram boy finds us in the fastnesses of the Scottish highlands: we have no place to be alone with heaven.

Very rarely the railway puts out a tentacle that withers. The capital of the syndicate has not been equal to its hopes, or its hopes have been falsified. As the mists open upon the mountain-top to disclose in a quite unexpected quarter a blue lake hoist in its granite setting, then close before we can identify it, so the world has a glimpse of a new pleasure-ground; and before it can cast the first ginger-beer bottle the vision is gone. Our lost valley was "opened" a few years ago with an hotel calculated to hold all the people the railway would bring to this new and exceedingly beautiful corner of Lakeland. It was christened after one of the most magnificent falls, which thunders near, and the prospects of the tourist agents seemed bright. Then an accident on the primitive railway proved it to be unsafe. The

Board of Trade condemned the tentacle, and the hotel was left stranded in its beautiful dale, seven miles from the nearest station. Man fled and left his plaything to the winds and storms of the granite mountains. Tourist books did not even deign to note the loss of so insignificant a corner of Lakeland, and some of them continued to advertise the railway that was legally dead and physically a scrap-heap.

Then there came an association of hard walkers. Its members are many thousands, and it has walking centres in many parts of the United Kingdom and in other countries, and, having acquired the hotel for a guest-house, it put a special mark against Eskdale as the most strenuous of them all. Boots must be of the strongest for men and women, studded with nails like an old church door, and constitutions must be equal to scrambling over untrodden rocks, wading streams, and splashing through bogs between breakfast and dinner. On such terms only can Eskdale be had from Devoke Water to Crinkle Crag and Scafell Pike, the roof of England. On the same terms we may share with more luxurious tourists Duddon Valley and Westwater, with Great Gable and the Screes. We are tourists ourselves when we go over there. Our home is in the wild knot of mountains which stands, more than any other, for the crown of Lakeland. A road wanders up the valley some ten miles from the sea, then stops, and the rest of the wild country, till the high fells are crossed, is either trackless, or only intersected by rare foot tracks. Uncharted bogs must be circumvented or traversed, tumbled seas of purple-blossomed ling must be taken with high-stepping strides, couloirs ascended or descended at the risk of avalanching the scree, and wildernesses of greater boulders scrambled with the aid of hands. The compass is an instrument of necessity, whether the mists wrap us on the mountain-tops or the vast country be clear.

It is good to see the well-grown men and women that the absence of a few miles of railway metal has selected for their summer stay in the lost valley. Select women prove very little inferior to select men in point of height, stamina, or physical prowess. A friendly trial of strength has before now resulted in the triumph of the conventionally weaker sex, and the trial of the mountains seldom eliminates women from the list of graduates. Rain does not hinder us in our all-day tramps. If it did, we should have had few tramps this summer. And Cumberland rain being of the kind little respectful of mackintoshes, most of us elect to discard them, and get frankly wet. If sun follows rain and dries us up again, well and good. If the whole day be wet, there is scarcely a mackintosh that will keep it out, and as we are on the move till we reach home and dry clothes, no harm is done by letting the rain have its will.

Thus we start off in joyous bands up our south-west-facing valley. The Gulf Stream breeze makes the lower floor and the clefts that the upper streams have carved as luxuriant as Killarney. Bamboo and fuchsia stand the winter, and not only man but Nature has planted many unusual seeds that luxuriate almost as though in the greenhouse. The bandit mountains next stop the argosies from the equator, and compel them to discharge copiously. In a few miles the annual rainfall almost doubles, and this rainy year the diurnal showers or hours of rain are usually considerable. We could make little headway for the best mountain heights if we went round the rough places, so we tramp without flinching through bogs and bracken, heather and cushion grass, rolling scree and boulder-crowded gullies. A stiff climb over a shoulder earns a brief standing rest while a straggler comes up and starts level for the next march. The bee-haunted heather, for a rare stripe of sunshine made it so, is left when its upper line of two thousand feet or so has been reached. Interlacing rollers covered with clatter of granite shut out the lower valley, and fold us in the silent and jealous embrace of the great basin that is the birth-place of the river. The sudden turning of a buttress of the central peak gives us with great surprise a fall leaping apparently from the summit to the base. It is the luncheon place.

Muscle and vigor of spirit are ample for the summit, but the final attack is preceded by a word of warning as

to rolling stones, the artillery of the mountain, often discharged on a hair trigger. The grey, wild valley shrinks and recedes as we turn at each standing rest. Then suddenly we look over the knife-edge of the saddle between the two highest peaks in England, the famous Mickledore. Far below, blue Wastwater lies sunk in the valley that its river has made for it. The tiny ribbon of the road runs along it, and shunning the impassable range we stand on, veers off for fatter and easier conquests. A small blue eye marks Sty Head Pass, annually threatened with a road. Buttermere Lake is seen beyond, and the delighted, panting eye takes in the slumbering shapes of Yewbarrow, Red Pike, Kirkfell, Seatallan, and other peaks well known to the valleys that have not been lost. Their tourists are on the Pike by ones and twos, mostly known to one another at least by sight, and the wanderers from the lost valley are a source of some wonder to them. Mickledore, then, has two sides, and the grey tumult of rock and scree on the south side can produce people! From Esk House, the highest pass in England, we follow the infant Esk from its cradle homeward. There are stones and little precipices in plenty for the nailed feet of our men and women, and, in the rain-sodden valley, more bog than sward or walkable heather. Then the rain, which has threatened all day, comes down from a tiger sky. Everything but the spirit is damped, and that glows more brightly now that the body has had almost its daily meed of mountain exercise. When the bee-line points across the river, and the leader marches through, we follow him with one mind, as though water rushing round the knees were an ordinary incident of a townsman's life. We are school teachers, clerks, artisans, all kinds of men and women, and boys and girls from London or the more co-operative North, who are glad to make strenuous holiday in the wildest spots accessible to strong legs and lungs. We cannot help blessing the chance that, having opened so fine a valley and provided it with a house suitable to our needs, closed it to the great stream of train-using tourists.

Art.

THE EXHIBITION OF MODERN ART AT COLOGNE.

THE Germans are indefatigable in their artistic enterprise. Munich is not the only town that has been "speeding up" its production, and now the West-deutscher Kunstfreunde und Künstler Sonderbund has organised a great show (which, by the way, lasts on till the end of September) in which the effect of the new movement in almost all European countries is expansively shown. England, the reactionary, is indeed conspicuously absent, but Switzerland, Hungary, Belgium, Spain, Italy, all send their contingents to swell the chorus which, naturally enough in Cologne, is led by the German band. Nor is the pious worship of the old masters forgotten; there is a room for Cézanne, another for Gauguin, and whole galleries full of Vincent Van Gogh, who is seen here perhaps more fully than ever before; more fully, perhaps, but certainly more indiscriminately, and Van Gogh, working as he did with the frenzied haste of those whom Fate has marked down, should only be seen in careful selection, if we would appreciate his special quality. It would be ungrateful not to admit that there are many masterpieces here, the flaming cluster of irises in a yellow pot, which has the subtle charm of Oriental color with a Rembrandtesque weight of substance, the tenderly sympathetic "Berceuse," the simple and unobtrusive "Blühende Allée" (No. 92), in which one sees all the strength and freshness of Van Gogh's vision, the simplicity and purity of his abandonment to life, with scarcely anything of that over-emphasis in which, for all his Latin sympathies, he betrays his Teutonic origin. That, indeed, is what, perhaps partly from the aggressively artistic surroundings of a German official exhibition, does a little disappoint one in this collection of his work. The extreme

tastefulness and unflinching charm of his color becomes, when one sees so many similar expressions of it, just a little monotonous, a little wanting in gravity and weight, so that when one passes out of the Van Gogh rooms into the smaller room devoted to Cézanne, its sombre discretion tells with astonishing effect. One breathes a larger, ampler air; the tension is relaxed, the sensibility more alert.

But more interesting still is the comparison which the exhibition affords between Van Gogh and the later Frenchmen—such, for example, as Matisse and Derain. It may well be that Van Gogh's was a richer, more passionate, more original nature than either of the latter; but what strikes one is that since his day there has been a definite progression in the understanding of design, so that much which Van Gogh permitted himself will no longer be allowed by the younger masters. Consider, for example, Van Gogh's "Actor" (No. 53). It has undoubtedly a surprising vitality and force; the distortions of the features, the twisting and tension of the lines, are dictated by a vivid perception of character; but how much is left that has a merely factual and descriptive justification? The form is not everywhere interpreted as expressive design; it lacks the complete fusion and transmutation of a rhythmic idea. Compare with this Matisse's "Marguerite," a painting of a girl's head. How completely of a piece it is! All the forms run together with an inevitable rhythmic sequence, in which the succession is anticipated and immediately apprehended. And, by comparison, how discreet, how unstrained and sober it is, and how much more is said by how much simpler means! Or compare Derain's landscapes, with their austere and classic simplicity of form, their unaccented suavity of design, and one cannot but recognise, what indeed one might well have expected, that the concentration of modern artists upon the problems of design, as opposed to the problems of representation, has already borne fruit in a heightened power of organisation, a more closely woven unity of texture.

Indeed, the astonishing thing is not that there should be unassimilated, imperfectly fused, merely factual elements in Van Gogh's art—elements which, to our heightened sense of expressive form, are no longer tolerable—but that Cézanne, the begetter of the whole movement, should still remain supreme and unsurpassed; that he should have had a sensibility so delicately perfected, a logic so inflexible, that no form was ever admitted into his design which had not been weighed and tested so as to fulfil its exact function in the organic whole. It is true that at Cologne there are few pieces that could be counted among his greatest works; but there are two portraits, "The Man with a Book," and the "Seated Boy," which are superb in the self-contained completeness of their characterisation. Cézanne's figures have almost always this strange impassivity. They exist for their own purposes, in no way subservient to our demands. Most portraits since the Renaissance have shown some kind of consciousness of the spectator, and prepare for him in some way or another. They are impressive, or noble, or striking, or dramatic; but with Cézanne, though they may be posed before a piece of tapestry as deliberately as at a photographer's, they have regained the epic aloofness and continuity of early art. They meet no anticipated demand of our romantic or critical intelligence; their life is self-contained and self-sufficing; it is for us, not for them, to make advances. In these portraits of common people in common dress, Cézanne's astonishing power as a colorist becomes evident. He scarcely violates the fact of the dull monotony of their clothes, yet his interpretation of it results in a shimmering, vibrating web of color, in which dull blues, dull oranges, and greens, stimulate by their interplay the emotional atmosphere.

Of the small collection of Gauguins, two at least are of first-rate importance, the "Poèmes Barbares" and "Nevermore." The latter is almost a variant of the celebrated "Esprit Veille," but in a darker, more menacing key. The nude figure is splendidly drawn and modelled, and only the dramatic emphasis in the background strikes an exaggerated note.

The "Poèmes Barbares" is a splendid design, ample in its volume, and perfectly spaced. It is one of the works in which Gauguin's highly sophisticated and conscious nature attained to the expression of barbaric simplicity and breadth of feeling by a sheer imaginative effort.

The industry, courage, energy, and good-will of the German artists deserve a better recompense than a grudging fate seems willing to allow them. The way seems definitely barred for them by an entirely unconscious, but none the less fatal, defect, that of emotional dishonesty; a defect which has persisted in their race for so many centuries. It would be almost comic, if it were not rather deeply pathetic, to go from the Sonderbund exhibition, with its hundreds of imitative variations on the art of Van Gogh, Matisse, and Derain, to the Museum, where we find that the Meister des Mairers Leben and of the Bartolommæus Altar, and half a dozen other nameless and industrious masters were once hard at work doing the same thing by Rogier Van der Weyden and Dirk Bouts; or to the Cathedral, to wonder at that grotesque and preposterous caricature of French Gothic forms.

I understand that some of their better painters, such as Erbsloh and Nolde, are not seen at their best at Cologne, but it was with real regret that I had to confirm the opinion which successive exhibitions at the Independants and the Autumn Salon had created in my mind, that there is as yet no sign of any definitive creative talent in Germany, with the possible exception of one man, Wilhelm Lehmbruch, the sculptor, whose work has always impressed me by its classic beauty and restraint.

ROGER FRY.

Letters to the Editor.

THE PRESENT PLIGHT OF PERSIA.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Those Liberals who are not wholly dead to the traditions which they have inherited cannot be too grateful to *THE NATION* for the courage and brilliance with which it has, in season and out of season, laid bare the mixture of brutal cynicism and weakness that has characterised and still characterises the policy of Russia and Great Britain in Persia.

But, sir, the time for argument is short. Persia lies in her death throes, and, unless a miracle happens, Russia will be in Teheran before the New Year has run its course. The bestialities that attended their occupation of Tabriz will doubtless be repeated, with possibly a few added horrors. Sir Edward Grey will protest and be politely snubbed. And we shall then have "conversations" about the Trans-Persian Railway.

I say the time for action has come. The process of rousing public opinion by means of the press must always be a long one, more especially when your journal of necessity reaches only a very limited number of the public, and these usually of one shade of political opinion. And I am convinced that there are many Conservatives and a vast number of everyday men and women who, if the truth were told them, would view with horror and detestation the way in which our traditions are being flouted, our vital interests disregarded, and our honor dragged through the mire, all through this cowardly fear of Russia withdrawing into the German orbit.

What I suggest is that a strong committee be instantly formed, containing men like Professor Browne, Mr. Lynch, Mr. Morrel, and others, for the purpose of organising this opposition and bringing it to bear without delay on the directors of our foreign policy. Pamphlets should be issued, public meetings held, and use should be made of those Members of Parliament who already share our views. In Parliament and out of Parliament, this question should be kept to the fore, and it would not be long before we gained thousands of fresh adherents. Money and time would be required, but I know of few better causes in which it could be spent.

I shall be ready to give a small donation, and feel con-

vinced that amongst the readers of *THE NATION* alone you could obtain the necessary sinews of war for the start of the campaign. Only we must move *now*.—Yours, &c.,

RAYMOND LITTEN.

21, Pembroke Villas, W.
August 26th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It would appear that Mr. Shuster is not the only publicist who thinks the British nation is being fooled into a calamitous contrivance and connivance which must react upon our status and fortunes. It is evident that the compromisingly weak compliance of the Government with the historically wicked aims of the Russian autocracy weighs heavily on the consciences of many citizens like myself. If this policy be not repudiated and abandoned, we may be shamed into pause, if not active hostility, at the next election. I do not claim to be exceptionally enlightened or moral, but it would seem that if the Almighty deals with nations in their corporate capacity, as our Courts with individuals who murder and steal, then He may have something in the way of displeasure to say to "them that dwell carelessly in the Isles." It may be that amongst important records at the Foreign Office there is no Bible.—Yours, &c.,

WM. MATTERSON.

York, August 25th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The gratitude of Liberals is due to you for the splendid fight you are making for the adoption of Liberal principles in the domain of foreign politics, of which so little has been seen since the present Government came into office. There will be few who can read Mr. Shuster's "The Strangling of Persia" without a feeling of shame and indignation at the part which England has been made to play in that terrible drama of a nation's destruction. We appear to have fallen in with almost every proposal of a treacherous and unscrupulous friend, and, finally, to have been a party to an ultimatum founded on facts which were notoriously untrue. Surely, the least we could have done was to stand aside and say to Russia, "Adopt this policy if you will, but don't ask us to support you in doing so." It is difficult to see what advantage there is in having a "friend" of this kind, and in what worse position we could be placed, in Persia, for instance, if the friendship cooled into acquaintanceship. It may be said that Sir Edward Grey is unable to offer any resistance to Russian designs in Persia, owing to the fear of driving her into the German camp; and this only brings us back to the essentially Anti-German policy of the Government.

There must be many Liberals who, while enthusiastic in their general support of the domestic policy of the Government, would gladly welcome any steps which would bring a change in foreign policy, and it is to be hoped that your consistent advocacy of this course will be successful.—Yours, &c.,

GEOFFREY LE M. MANDER.

Wightwick Manor, Wolverhampton.

August 28th, 1912.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The following passage from a recent number of the Viennese "Arbeiterzeitung" may interest you. As you know, the "Arbeiterzeitung" is the organ of the Social Democratic Party in Austria, accustomed to regard both "bourgeois-capitalist groups" (Liberals and Conservatives) with impartial severity, a fact which gives special interest to its remarks on this occasion.

Lack of time obliges me to write in the train which is carrying me across the strange and sunny fields of Galicia. I trust this may be some excuse for the defects of a handwriting which was never, in its best days, welcome to the compositor.

The "Arbeiterzeitung" says:—

"A piquant situation, which could only be worthily described by the pen of Swift, has arisen in Great Britain. The defenders of verity and justice, the pillars of the throne, the altar, and the constitution, are openly preaching armed resistance to the State, because it does not bow to their will.

Already various excellent people, well provided with this world's goods, who form the backbone of the Conservatives, are anxiously asking whether they have not strayed into the wrong Party after all; while many an old Tory trembles at the thought: Supposing the working men of England were to make the principles of Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson their own? A small section, hardly an eighth of the Irish population, the Protestants of Ulster, are struggling violently against the self-government of Ireland, which should follow upon the adoption of Home Rule, and will not hear of any compromise, although the ruling party are ready to give them every possible protection against the supposed tyranny of the Catholic majority in Ireland. They have refused all efforts at mediation, and have declared their determination to set up a provisional Government in Ulster if Home Rule becomes law. Already they have formed institutions designed to carry out these laudable intentions, and it is said that great quantities of fire-arms have lately been sent to the Conservative centres in Ulster. . . . All this goes on in the broad light of day; and Sir Edward Carson publicly makes vigorous speeches, in which he incites the community to armed resistance against the State. And this gentleman was in the last Conservative administration the highest official of the law in England! Surely this is not contemporary history, but an episode from Gilbert and Sullivan! Unfortunately, the situation has its tragic side also. The industrial workers of Ulster, who have every reason to concern themselves with weightier matters—for they live under worse social conditions than any other operatives in Great Britain—allow themselves to be directed at will by Tory wire-pullers. They have been worked up to such a pitch of fanaticism that there is no holding them. . . . Meantime, it is said that the Unionists are planning a postal strike in Ulster. On a certain day all the officials are to refuse to carry out the Government's instructions. And then, poor souls, they will all lose their jobs—and what for? What will they gain thereby? Probably this propaganda of force would never have reached such a height if it had not been so vigorously fostered by the leader of the Conservative Party. . . .

"A cynical Tory lawyer announced in a recent debate that he held armed resistance to the State to be justifiable everywhere that it was crowned with success. . . . No democrat would give up the right to agitate against laws which seemed to him unjust. But when an obstinate and uncompromising minority attempts to dictate to the majority of a country's representatives, then its threat to appeal to arms becomes either an absurdity or a crime. As an intelligent man, Mr. Bonar Law feels the want of logic in his position, and has to fall back upon the assertion that the majority of the people of Great Britain do not want to give Home Rule to Ireland—a statement only true under a very special and singular definition. . . . The Conservatives made a bad bargain when they exchanged Mr. Balfour for Mr. Bonar Law, and threw over the old Tory doctrine of law and order."

This quotation is from the "Arbeiterzeitung" of August 20th.—Yours, &c.,

ROSALIND TRAVERS.

Krakow, Galicia, Austria,
August 22nd, 1912.

THE COUNTRY MUDDLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Is not the writer of your article on "The Country Muddle" rather unfair towards landlords in asserting that they consider their rents the first charge upon the land, refuse to share in agricultural losses, and raise rents on the farmer's improvements?

On my own estate the reduction in rents between 1880 and 1888 amounted to 75·6 on the net rental, without charging any interest for a sum of £80,000 laid out in redeeming all mortgages except family portions. The figures were worked out most carefully in the latter year by my agent, who is a Liberal and land-reformer like myself, and are at your service if you care to examine them. The increase of rents in the good years between 1847 and 1880 was under 5 per cent.

In these figures there is nothing unusual, except that family portions upon the estate were rather high. Practically every landlord reduced his rents by about 36 per cent. on the gross. I cannot claim that I have been a better landlord than others.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE R. SITWELL.

Renishaw Hall, Derbyshire,
August 28th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I like that vivid, arresting picture of myself as "a grizzled man, with sailor's kit in his hand, travelling the lonely high road," which appeared under "The Country Muddle." I was as childishly delighted as William

Morris whenever he was mistaken for a grizzled sea-captain. At last I have my revenge upon my yachting friends when, in a spirit of high adventure, we crossed the Channel at night in an 8-ton cutter, with half a gale blowing. I was at the tiller, and I managed to lose the jib-sheet. We parted sadly at Boulogne. But now I can swagger in front of them as a grizzled sailor, arrayed in a blue jerkin to my waist, though corduroys tied beneath the knee with string cover the rest of my frame—thus arrayed do I stand, sir, awaiting an unimaginative review of my book from a literary standpoint.—Yours, &c.,

F. E. GREEN.

Barings Field, Newdigate, Surrey,
August 27th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article headed "The Country Muddle," in your issue of August 24th, is written the following:—

"The very first postulate of the land problem is that the landlord should live. If the demands on his income become greater, still he must live, and the greater income must be the first charge on the land," and so on.

I am reminded that the attitude of landlords towards the land has in no way changed, as the following incident will show. My grandfather farmed a small and dearly rented farm in the upper wards of Lanarkshire. His nineteen years' lease was about to expire, and negotiations were entered into with the proprietrix, a middle-aged maiden lady who lived on the estate, two fields' breadth distant from the farm steading. The landlady wanted an increase in the rent for the coming nineteen years. The tenant had been badly hit by bad seasons for several years before, and demurred to any increases in his already almost impossible rent. Her reply was conclusive: "You and your wife and family must just live more economically, because you know I must have my dignity kept up."

Such was the attitude of proprietors nearly 100 years ago, and this it is to-day, though less bluntly expressed, if expressed at all.—Yours, &c.,

G. L. W.

Netherfield, Newport-on-Tay,
August 26th, 1912.

THE NEW LAND PROGRAMME.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a lifelong Liberal, I suggest that the unauthorised proposals of Mr. Outhwaite and others deserve stringent criticism before being saddled upon the Liberal Party.

In spite of the enormities of the Enclosure Acts, I have yet to be convinced that there is any justice or equity in saddling all land with a new and crushing burden of taxation or rating.

Mr. Dundas White, M.P., hesitatingly admits that existing contracts must have some limited time limit period of grace, but other protagonists of the movement appear ruthlessly to ride rough-shod over the solemn obligations and covenants of leases, whereby the lessee agrees to pay all Parliamentary and parochial assessments whatsoever, excepting only Landlords' Property Tax.

Naturally, such a programme will be popular, for who does not wish someone else to pay a portion, or indeed the whole, of his rates? But has Liberalism ceased to deal with principles based on fairness and honesty and become wedded to a policy of sheer opportunism, because it may catch votes?

Let us see how the new programme will work in concrete cases.

In Blank Street are two exactly similar houses, of a rental value of £60 per annum. Local rates are 8s. in the £. Assessment for rates is £50 per annum.

A buys No. 1 freehold for £900 for occupation

B buys No. 2 leasehold for £650, with £10 ground rent on a 99 years' lease.

C buys the freehold ground rent of £10, secured on No. 2, for £250.

Now appears the new legislation apportioning the local rates between land and houses and ignoring the lease covenants.

A continues to pay £20 per annum in rates.

B benefits by a drop in his rates of £4, paying £16 only.

C pays £4 rates out of his 4 per cent. investment, which,

after deduction thereof and payment of Income Tax as heretofore, suddenly becomes an investment yielding £23s. 4d. per cent. only, and his capital forthwith is worth about 50 per cent. of what he paid for it by reason of the reduced return, and the fear of all capitalists to invest in the future in a security which is liable to predatory attacks of this nature.

It passes my comprehension to understand why land is to be so specially mulcted, except possibly that the learned lawyers like Mr. Ure and Mr. Hemmerde, who are such ardent advocates of the movement, probably possess none. Why not attack grossly inflated incomes derived from soap, soda, or professional fees in like manner?

I have been accustomed to argue that taxation should press heaviest in the quarter best able to bear it, and, therefore, cannot understand why—once the principle of a graduated Income Tax and Estate Duty is conceded—such tender regard is shown for very large Incomes and Estates. Surely if incomes over £5,000 can bear a super-tax of 6d., then incomes of £10,000 can bear a larger super-tax, and so on. Likewise, if estates over £1,000,000 can pay 15 per cent., why the same rate for those of several millions? In both cases the owners of very large landed estates would be suitably mulcted.

You say, sir, that you fail to divine the reason why the Labor men opposed Mr. Outhwaite's proposals. (Incidentally I would characterise the proposals to an ignorant audience of a moderate tax of 3d. in the £, as made with intent to deceive, if emphasis be not laid by the speaker on the fact that it is 3d. on capital value and not on income that is meant.) May I suggest that possibly the Labor Party is less opportunist and more honest, and backs the more straightforward policy of State ownership of all land by fair purchase.—Yours, &c.,

ALFRED FRAZER.

"Homebank," Ealing.

"WANTED, AN 'EDUCATION' BILL."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—No one desires less than I do to draw herrings of my color "across the path of the coming Education Bill." My one desire is that the object of the Bill should be to educate the children and to prevent reactionary authorities from neglecting their duties. For that reason I, in common with many who know the Rural County Committees, wish to take from them the duty of enforcing attendance and place it in the hands of the police.

I quite agree that we want our local authority to be elected directly for educational purposes, but I doubt whether that by itself would remedy the evils that I see.

In very few of the rural districts is there any enthusiasm for education, and, without that, local authorities are rather hopeless. At present they are quite hopeless. I am quite sure that next March the only questions which will interest the electors will be the provision of small holdings, and the keeping down of the rates. If what happened three years ago is any guide to what will happen then, I shall be the only candidate of the seven who will fight the four divisions of this rural area who will mention education in his address, and I shall be beaten this time, as I was before. I have pressed the Liberal Association, and I have tried to stir up the country clergy—who are the most open-minded class on educational matters I can find—to push education to the front; but neither the Association nor the clergy believe that anything can be done. I go back to my contention that the only way to improve the present position is to raise the standard by statute and compel the local authorities to do their duty by drastic reduction of grants where there is any neglect.

It may be that to those who live in London or in Bradford such ideas may seem foolish and mischievous, but to us who live in the country they seem the only hope. Even in London, unless things have altered very much since I was a curate in Hoxton, the present method of securing attendance is not very effective in the cases where it is most wanted. I cannot conceive myself why the system which is almost universally adopted in Europe should be pronounced, *ex cathedra*, to be foolish for England.—Yours, &c.,

A COUNTRY PARSON.

August 24th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As a dweller in a rural district, may I add a few words on this subject?

To my thinking, what is wanted is not so much a raising of the standard of intellectual teaching as the development of moral principles and character. The present system aims only at the improvement of the intellect, forgetting that man is made of mind and spirit also. Thus, in the Southern country districts sensuality and immorality are rampant to such an extent that my pretty young maid is afraid to go out alone after dark.

In appointing teachers more care should be used. I have one in my mind at present who, to the knowledge of the School Committee (and also of the children!), is a confirmed soaker, dirty, and with no sense of discipline. How can such a man teach good ways to young children?

There are too many subjects taught for any to be taught well; at fourteen the boys and girls cannot spell the most ordinary words correctly, and yet year by year the inspector comes and issues a satisfactory report. How can these things be?

The social aim of the present day is getting on, and education is framed accordingly. This is altogether a false view. Education should mean the making of men and women of character, as well as capacity, and the failure of the present system is disastrously evident in many of the young people of the present day.—Yours, &c.,

A COUNTRY RESIDENT.

August 26th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A new Education Act is certainly long overdue and it should repeal the outrageous Act of 1902, not only in regard to its sectarianism, but also in relation to the new management set up in its provisions.

We must get back to the old School Board system for convenient areas, having regard to efficiency and economy in administration.

The County Council machine is clogged and cannot properly dispose of the business cast upon it by the legislation of the past ten years.

Education in all its branches and stages must be under the management of bodies specially elected for that purpose only. It can easily be ascertained what is the amount per pupil required in all grades of schools for maintenance, and that sum should be supplied from the Imperial Exchequer, and any local body failing to keep its schools up to the required standard of efficiency on the grant should be compelled to supply the required balance by a rate on the particular area served.

It must be made impossible for any sectarian teaching to be given during statutory school hours or at the public expense.

The old School Boards were doing excellent work with steadily increasing efficiency, and it was on that account that Mr. Balfour abolished them, at the dictation of the clerical party; it is high time these bodies were recreated to carry on the good work.

Mr. Mundella, in his letter of the 21st inst., indicates the right lines of procedure.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. FEW.

Cambridge, August 26th, 1912.

AILRED'S "LIFE OF ST. NINIAN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your number for August 17th my lectures on early Scottish history are dealt with leniently by a vanished hand. Andrew Lang has passed to a place where those intricate points of scholarship wherein he so greatly delighted here below may be supposed to be of no concern. Nevertheless, his memory is so fresh among those who loved him that I have a mournful pleasure in answering one of the questions which he raised in reviewing my book. He took exception to my having assumed that the life of Ninian, whence Ailred compiled his Latin version, "was written in the Anglo-Saxon vernacular," and he suggested that the "barbarous language whence Ailred professed to have redeemed the narrative" was "only very bad Latin." Now Ailred never would

have spoken of Latin as "barbarous." That term was a special one, and applied only to the speech of "barbari" or babblers. Moreover, in stating that the original life was in Anglo-Saxon, I was not proceeding on mere assumption. The copy of the "Vita Niniani" in the British Museum (Cott. Tib. Diii., fol. 186-192, sæc. xiii.) is prefaced by the following rubric:—

"Incipit Vita Sancti Niniani episcopi et confessoris ab Aelredo Rieuallense abbate de Anglico in Latinum translata."

This MS. was pronounced by Bishop Forbes to be a transcript of the Bodleian MS., probably a century later.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT MAXWELL.

Monreith, August 23rd, 1912.

"A STUDENTS' THEATRE."

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—This project, advocated by one who is herself an able exponent of dramatic art, both as an actress and a teacher, is worthy of careful consideration. Nor can Miss Filippi's strictures on actors and managers be read with indifference or passed over in silence. It is asserted that acting is no longer a profession, but a business, and that it will continue to be a business until the actors themselves take the necessary steps to give their calling the status of a profession. This is true, because even if the public can be roused to demand that acting shall be treated as an art, it cannot manufacture artists, nor control the choice of the talent which is submitted to its judgment. Miss Filippi believes, moreover, that the thinking portion of the British playgoer is beginning to realise that English theatres need "something" before they can rank in reputation with those on the Continent; an assumption which cannot be denied, although Miss Filippi will hardly expect that all well-wishers of the drama will agree with her as to what that "something" should be. In this, indeed, lies the difficulty, for the divergence of opinion among actors on questions connected with dramatic art is so bewildering that both the public and the profession become indifferent to the controversy from mere weariness.

The vital point, however, for consideration is the "Students' Theatre," and whether the project is one more promising and more practical than the many rival suggestions now claiming attention and support from the public; here, therefore, there is room for criticism. In the first place, it may be doubted how far the public would support the theatre by buying stalls, even at the reduced price of four shillings, to see students appear in plays that it was possible to see acted under more favorable conditions. Let a novice be ever so well coached, yet the ordeal of having to face some 500 eyes, staring at him from the auditory, deprives him of the power to control and move that audience—and this is an impediment which can only be removed by experience. Then, as a rule, youth possesses too eager and confident a temperament to appreciate the meaning of restraint, and must wonder what chances it gets by acting in a theatre where no reputations are allowed to be made, no personal ambition can be gratified, and no names may be inserted in the programme! And after reading about these severe impositions, which are to give artistic stability to the "Students' Theatre," it is a comfort to be told by Miss Filippi that it is not her intention "to serve the interests of any particular set of faddists, but to present good plays by a picked company of young actors." Let us hope, then, that Miss Filippi does not intend to limit her players to those who are students in the ordinary sense of the word. And, indeed, might not the co-operation be obtained of those artists, who, being temporarily out of an engagement, would be willing to join Miss Filippi's enterprise in support of the cause she advocates, which is, in effect, a devotion to art for art's sake, and the still more praiseworthy desire to obtain for the art of acting some public recognition of what constitutes the standard of excellence? Such a combination of forces, under artistic control, would have far-reaching results.

And, after all, it should be possible for those actors who claim to take their art seriously to agree upon a certain standard of qualification which should be considered indispensable to everyone wishing to become an actor. The late

Sir Henry Irving in a speech once said: "I think there is but one way to act, and that is by impersonation. We hear the expression 'character-acting.' I maintain that all acting is character-acting—at any rate, it ought to be." But we live in an age when personality is valued by the public at fifty per cent. more than is the talent of impersonation. As a consequence, it becomes more and more the practice among managers and dramatic authors to select actors for parts for which they are naturally fitted by age, face, voice, and temperament, with the result that the character is replaced by one who succeeds tolerably well, and even may excel in certain scenes, in the only part in which he is ever likely to excel. Yet such a one is not an actor at all in the legitimate sense of the word, and if he be without vocal or physical flexibility he is limited to the business of impersonating his own personality. If he happens to appear in a play which becomes a success, he may hope to continue acting his own personality throughout the English-speaking towns of the two hemispheres, for a run of four, or even seven, years, after which he will have the pleasure of "resting" until another part can be found for him as much like himself as was the last one. And while this method of casting plays has the advantage of distributing more equally the chances of an engagement in a profession which has always a larger supply of actors than is required, it has the distinct disadvantage of depriving the character-actor of the opportunity of learning his art.

Now, it is evident that Miss Filippi's object in forming her "Students' Theatre" comes very near in its aim to the one the character-actors should have in view, that of removing the attention of playgoers from personality and concentrating it on the art of impersonation. But this is an art that no novice can hope to excel in. The training for this kind of art requires a long apprenticeship, and the actor cannot hope to reach the topmost height as an impersonator until he has had many years of experience on the boards. In fact, he will have passed into the meridian of life before he can become a fine character-actor. May it not, then, be put forth as a practical proposition that Miss Filippi and her youthful enthusiasts should join forces with the character-actors and try to run a theatre with some small public endowment for a common cause? In this way there would be a possibility of the public being attracted, and willing to pay for its seats, having the assurance that both talent and experience would be seen at the "Students' Theatre."

The initial difficulty in such a scheme would, of course, be the admission of candidates, whether students or actors. And while it would be essential to ask for the willing co-operation of those actors who already possessed undoubted reputations as character-actors, a test qualification would have to be found which would inspire confidence both in the public and in the profession that those who were elected members had in them the necessary material for the art of impersonating character. In fact, the reputation of the theatre should be built upon the knowledge that only those who had passed the test qualification were admitted to the rights of membership.

In putting forth this plea for an enlargement of the scope of the proposed "Students' Theatre," it is hoped that by some such suggestion the difficulties in raising the necessary funds for the endowment, that Miss Filippi at present experiences, may disappear. There is no doubt that the money would be forthcoming as soon as the public had a scheme presented to it which was the "something" needed. And the profession, on its side, should remember that while it has established many associations to protect its business interests, it has not yet thought it worth while to devote either time or money to the not altogether unnecessary part of a professional career—namely, to provide actors with the opportunity of perfecting themselves in the study of their art.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM POEL.

August 27th, 1912.

THE METHODIST REVIVAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the course of your able and informing review of M. Halévy's "Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIX^e

Sicle" we are told that the author's most original idea is that the Methodist Revival saved England from a violent social revolution.

I feel sure M. Halévy would be the first to disclaim any originality for this view. Years ago I heard my father quote it from, I believe, Goldwin Smith, though I cannot refer to the passage. But Lecky, in the eighth chapter of his "History," announces it clearly enough, and doubtless it may be found elsewhere.—Yours, &c.,

T. BRUCE DILKS.

Eastgate, Bridgwater,
August 26th, 1912.

THE BULGARIAN EPIC.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In THE NATION of the 24th inst., Miss Durham, writing from Montenegro (I envy her), says that all who know the Servian Ballads "must be surprised" at my mention of Marko "as the Bulgarian Knight Errant." Marko, she adds, "is, *par excellence*, the hero of the Servians." I am aware of that. And also that Marko's father, Vukashin, was a Servian Prince. But the Bulgars—whether of Macedonia or of the Kingdom—also claim Marko as *par excellence* the hero of their race; and they would be no less surprised at his being described as the hero of the Serbs. As my subject was the Bulgarian Epic, in which Marko figures so conspicuously, I referred to him, incidentally, as the Bulgarian hero. I was not thinking of Marko's genealogy, but of the Marko who, whatever his origin, is portrayed in the heroic songs of the Bulgars, as the incarnation of the race. For the purpose of the article, which was to show what image of their brutal oppressor, the Turk, the Bulgar folk-poets had formed in their own minds, the question of Marko's descent was immaterial.

But as Miss Durham has raised the question, may I be permitted to make a remark or two? Miss Durham, I infer, is of the opinion that this hero of the Southern Slavs was a Servian. Many other European authorities are of the same opinion, e.g., M. Auguste Dozon, one of the earlier French collectors and translators of the Servian and Bulgar ballads: "Un personnage historique . . . que les Bulgares disputent, à tort il me paraît, aux Serbes, comme un héros national." On the other hand, Dr. Adolf Strausz, in his "Bulgarische Volksdichtungen," backs the Bulgarian claim. He says that the larger bulk of the Marko lays exists not in Servian but in Bulgarian; that the Bulgar land was the scene of most of Marko's exploits as a slayer of Turks; that many of them, known in Macedonia and the Kingdom, are unknown in Servia, though known in Bosnia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, into which countries they were imported by Bulgarian strolling minstrels; that these minstrels introduced their songs into Servia itself and set the fashion to the Servian rhapsodists; that Bulgaria was the only country over which Marko reigned as despot; that the Bulgarians, centuries ago, remembered him as the last of their Slav kings. Even if he was born of a Serb family, says Dr. Strausz, his work was mostly done among the Bulgars ("bezüglich seiner Thätigkeit bewegte er sich gewöhnlich im Kreise des Bulgarischen Volkes, ja er führte nur unter den Bulgaren den Königstitel").

Who shall decide between the rival Pundits? The Bulgarians concede the Servian paternity, but hold they are in the right in claiming Marko as their national hero, inasmuch, say they, as his life-work was mainly achieved in and for the Bulgar land—Macedonia and the country that now is the little Czardom. Read the Marko lays, and—if you know the Bulgarians at home—you will exclaim, "There's the typical Bulgar!" The Bulgars have painted their enigmatic hero in their own image. And the Serbs in theirs!—Yours, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

August 29th, 1912.

A TAX ON ARMAMENT FIRMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent, "J. F. W.," suggests some questions which perhaps you can answer. There is, I think, a gun licence of some ten shillings, which we are expected to pay before we go shooting, whether it be

for pheasants in England, or landlords in Connemara. Is there any corresponding tax on gun manufacturers, or obligation on them (as on a chemist who sells poisons) to sell guns to suitable persons only? It seems silly that we should keep a navy in the Persian Gulf merely to stop an illicit traffic in arms made in Birmingham. Would it not be simpler to arrest the weapons in Birmingham and economise on the Navy? And ought there not to be some system of high license—a very high license—for manufacturers of firearms, together, perhaps, with a heavy deposit of caution-money, liable to forfeiture, if arms of their manufacture were found in wrong places (e.g., in Ulster)? Perhaps there are such taxes. But, tell me, do they increase with the calibre of the guns? What must one pay to be allowed to make 4.7 guns?

Believing, as we do, that the British Navy exists largely to find berths for younger sons and profits for contractors, might not Mr. Lloyd George's attention be again turned to the possibility of getting a good deal back from the arms and armament manufacturers? I would deprecate the proposal to buy out such businesses until a systematic attempt had been made to depreciate the value of their "goodwill." How would it be to require a permit, and to have a heavy export-tax on all guns and ammunition leaving our ports? And would it be practicable to prohibit all export of arms to foreign countries without a special licence from The Hague?—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.

August 24th, 1912.

Poetry.

A BALLADE OF TIME.

"Where is the Life that late I led?"
—Henry IV., Part II., Act V., Scene 3.

THEY come not now that came before—
Evening of spring, and blossom white,
The footstep hushed, the whispering door,
The thin form glimmering into sight,
The moon half-seen in clouded night,
One star, and wind, and passing rain,
The smell of lilacs in the lane;
Where is the foot, the lovely head,
My moon that never was to wane?
Where is the life that late I led?

Tossed by the sea from shore to shore,
Wheeled to the battle's left and right;
In wreck of storm, in wreck of war,
In tides that clashed, and clashing fight,
When the deep guns out-boomed the might
Of the deep-booming hurricane,
And like the shriek of ropes astrain,
The wind wailed with the death that sped
Sheer through the battery's galloping train—
Where is the life that late I led?

They come not now, they come no more,
The thoughts that sprang with daily light,
As gems upon an enchanted floor,
Matching the sun in promise bright;
Even sorrow, too, has taken flight—
Sorrow and consecrating pain—
And rage comes never here again,
Pleasure and grief alike are dead;
What fear can move? What hopes remain?
Where is the life that late I led?

Envoy.

So should a man recall in vain
The dreams of a scarce-wakened brain,
Forgotten e'er the sleep is fled,
And buried down in Time's inane,
Where is the life that late I led.

Reviews.

A STUART STATESMAN.

"The Life of James, First Duke of Ormonde, 1610-1688."
By Lady BURGHCLERE. (Murray. 2 vols. 28s. net.)

THERE is nothing more needed in Irish history than monographs on its leading men or stirring periods. We turn therefore with hope and gratitude to every worker in the cause of extending knowledge. Lady Burghclere has brought enthusiasm and perseverance to her task, which have carried her through her two stout volumes, where, perhaps, she has not invariably avoided what she characterises as "the essentially feminine snare of prolixity" (II., 153). In her hero she has seen "one of Ireland's noblest sons," and she piles her generous laurels round his shrine, never losing an occasion to point her moral, as her panegyric broadens over a thousand pages. Even in that age of youthful achievement in camp and council, Ormonde remains to her "the young general" at thirty-two, or "so young and untried a statesman" at thirty-four.

That Ormonde was a man of elevation of mind and charm of character, with splendid physical endowments, is clear; and the quotations from his letters make us wish that he could more often have spoken for himself. But it is not probable that these volumes will be the last word on his position as leader, statesman, or possible savior of Ireland. For the final verdict we need an historian with a more adequate knowledge of Irish conditions under the Tudors and Stuarts. In a country like Ireland it is impossible to discuss the policy of the Ormonde House without a knowledge of the position and extent of its territory. But no map of the Ormonde lands is given us; no attempt is made to outline the estate, to explain debated boundaries, to measure the extent of Earl James's lands in 1630 with those of Earl Thomas in 1613, or to compare the corresponding position of the two Earls in the country. If our author had made any serious study of Ormonde history under the Tudors she would doubtless have avoided representing the alienation of the estates under James I. as a temporary interlude, due to the caprice and greed of Court favorites, at the close of which Earl James became the rebuilder of the glories of the great Earl Thomas the Black. She seems unaware of the purpose, or the results, of the breaking by James I. of the last of the great Earls in Ireland. Again, there is no attempt to mark the leading political divisions of the inhabitants of Ireland, and the direction of the main lines of union or disunion. There is nothing as to the situation of the Lords of the Pale, and the effect on them of Sidney's policy. There is nothing as to the effect of the boasted Parliament of Davies; nor as to the history or the meaning of the contentions about Poyning's Act. These are among the things omitted from Lady Burghclere's view—to which, indeed, many others no less important could be added.

The history of the first Duke of Ormonde is at best a tragic one. James Butler was three years old when, in 1613 (the date is significant), the Royal schemes to oust him from his inheritance ripened, as the death of the great Earl Thomas drew near (1614). The whole machinery was set going, imprisonments, fines, sequestrations, wardships, marriages, *quo warranto*, surrenders. For two hundred years every successor to the Ormonde title was a minor, educated as a ward of the King, and an alien to his country. James Butler, torn from his Catholic home at ten years of age, brought up in neglect, ignorance, and Protestantism by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was, however, the first of his house to be robbed at once of inheritance and education. His training was skilfully adapted to the Royal purpose. Every barrier was set between him and his people—language, religion, the breaking of ancient customs. These volumes tell us nothing of any changes in the estates—whether or not there were divisions and partitions, altered boundaries, new forms of leases and rents, cuttings of powers, narrowing of borders, and a new Earl with scarce a memory of the old about him. But we may be sure that the Irish and the Lords of the Pale knew to a nicety what Earl Thomas had been, and what Earl James was. The country

watched this new Earl of twenty surrender deeds and titles to the King, and hand over the Upper and Lower Ormondons to be "planted" with Englishmen, as a wedge of civilising and Protestant subjects. It is scarcely possible to conceive the feelings with which such an outrage and humiliation, never heard of in the case of a great Earl before, must have been viewed in Ireland. He was thus launched into public life with all ordinary ties loosened: "My being this countryman by fortune though not by birth"—he says of himself. Without a natural country, England or Ireland, he found his centre of duty in a personal devotion, we may say indeed servitude, to the King, unbalanced and uncontrolled by patriotic tradition. To obey Charles right or wrong was his chief end. As his panegyrist exclaims, "The King's wish was law to James Butler" (II., 259). "Loyalty was Ormonde's creed, the God of his idolatry" (I., 241). A service so narrow became, and merited to become, a series of showy rewards, and of humiliations and indignities which Ormonde bore with the uncomplaining and submissive fortitude of a servant. As Earl, Marquis, Duke, it is the absence of authority that remains the distinguishing mark of his life. No single instance is given in these volumes in which "one of the noblest sons of Ireland" checked any one rapacious official in tyranny or outrage, controlled exactions, or set a bound to atrocities, frauds, or indignities on his Irish countrymen. We look in vain for any determining influence in the councils of his sovereign, or occasion where he appeared with any authority as adviser.

There is, as we have said, no guidance in these volumes as to the political problems that confronted the new Earl. No sketch is given of the groups into which Ireland was divided by race, history, or opinion—the Old Irish, the Old English, the New English, the home-trained, or the foreign-educated, whether priest or layman; the names of the groups are not mentioned. Still less is any hint given of the combinations which had been taking place among them for the last sixty years, or the development of a national outlook. These things have no existence to Lady Burghclere. To her the problem presents itself with singular purity of outline, as it might to an Orangeman of Belfast. It is the duel of Protestant and Papist—all lesser matters disappear before this enormous fact. In her pages Ultramontanism stalks over the land, fit tyrant of a barbarous people. The "Papal henchmen," the degraded Irish, "only felt themselves safe with the priests." "The Celtic masses, the Nuncio's liegemen, stood forth to the world as the people of Ireland. Between them and the English nation and English ideals there was no place for compromise or understanding." For all evil there is no need to look further than "racial mistrust and clerical perversity."

Lady Burghclere does not think well of Papists. Poor Emer Macmahon was "the last influential priest who was not impervious to the arguments of common-sense" (I., 398). Common morality was also outside Papistry. A joking observation of Ormonde about restoring what is necessary when a man can do it, and thinking how to come at the means, leads Lady Burghclere to consider that such a remark "at that juncture, when the air was thick with Vatican negotiations, would be startling were it not addressed by one stout Protestant to another" (I., 472). She commends "a certain Friar Peter Walsh," leader of the "eminently respectable minority" of moderate Catholics: "That such a man should be produced by such a society would be truly astounding did we not remember that 'the spirit bloweth where it listeth'" (II., 49). Irish Papists were indeed worthy of their religion. "But recently warfare had been the profession or pastime (!) of the greater number of the inhabitants" (I., 107). Ulstermen were a "compact mass of semi-barbarians," "motley, semi-nomadic" (I., 371), with a standard of living "not much higher than that of the Congo African of to-day" (I., 265); their "ubiquitous raiders" were indeed indistinguishable from the "autochthonous cow-stealer" (II., 328). We cannot wonder, therefore, at her remark that "Men had ever been a superfluity in the distressed country. Already in the days of St. Patrick they were an article of export" (II., 415). With an almost incredible misapprehension of the story of the great Earl of Kildare, she tells that among Irishmen, "cowl and tonsure were but scanty protection to their wearers. So late as the reign of Henry VII., Lord Kildare, when accused of burning

Cashel Church, called the Saviour to witness that he would never have done it 'had he not been told the Archbishop was within' (I., 60).

Swift's pungent words of Lord-Lieutenant Carteret may spring to our minds: "Nor, in a talk with any such, do the national fears of Popery and the Pretender make any part of the conversation; I presume, because neither Homer, Plato, Aristotle, nor Cicero have made any mention of them." But Lady Burghclere, true as a needle to the pole, insists. "Public opinion in England, and the Parliaments of both kingdoms, would never allow industrious English Protestants to be ousted in favor of shiftless Irish Papists" (II., 41). In Ormonde she recognises the protagonist of the conflict—"the representative good Protestant and Englishman," "triumphantly sealed to the English cause and the English rule"—"the man who had arrested the Celtic advance." We may follow in her pages that consecrated career, where the great "Loyalist" appears as the chief preparer of the way for Cromwell in Ireland (179). We may contrast his timid anxiety as Commander-in-Chief, not even to appear to denounce the violence and outrage of English governors or officers, with the magnificent courage of the Irish commander, Owen Roe O'Neill (I., 163-189). We may hear him protesting his "love and honor" for Parsons and Burlase, and ardently accepting a jewel and letter of thanks from the Parliament in May, 1642, for his war upon the Irish. "Good nature," "special grace," and "the reluctance of an honorable schoolboy to tell tales" (I., 208, 218, 222) made him the strong protector of the ferocious atrocity-monger Parsons and his friends. He insisted, in 1647, on handing over Dublin to the Parliamentary forces under Colonel Michael Jones and two years later he was vainly fighting to recover it in the Battle of Rathmines, as sinister in its origin as in its issue (I., 366); which by his defeat secured to Jones the best harbor and the most convenient base of supplies for Cromwell's landing, and opened the way for the tragedy of Drogheda. Our author laments that, unhappily, Ireland did not "turn to her swordman in that dark hour"—to the swordman who handed over Dublin to Cromwell, and was miserably defeated in the critical battle of his life. "Oliver's son found his truest friend" in Ormonde (II., 34). He gave strict orders that no English adventurer or soldier was to be ousted from the Ormonde lands (II., 171). If arms were confiscated, he returned them to English and Scottish settlers (II., 171). "Get the Tories suppressed," was his cry (II., 157, 273); but English robbers were sure of his consideration, and his "generosity" refused the execution of the marauder, Ormesby (I., 258). He took part, it would seem, in plots of political murder (476); and, what was far worse, in bribing Irishmen to win life by bringing "some of their fellows to justice" (II., 114)—a method (says our author) frequent "in dealing with bog-trotters." If he suggested the granting of pardons, it was not as a matter of justice or of mercy, but as a means of enabling him to put divisions between the Irish (I., 233). He secretly prepared to break up the Supreme Council, with which he was in friendly negotiation, by a treacherous scheme of "rewards and graces" (I., 240). When he licensed a meeting of the Popish clergy, it was to spread divisions and dissensions among them, "to the security of the Government and Protestants" (II., 51). He was, we are told, "tolerant of Roman Catholics"—that is, the whole of his kindred and the vast mass of the inhabitants of Ireland; whom, however, the whole purpose of his life was to weaken, curtail, and hand over helpless to the wrangles of English politicians. There were times, perhaps, when, as Lady Burghclere daringly remarks, "The young Viceroy felt—and rightly felt—that English opinion was not within his immediate province." But the feeling was not obtruded. It seems over-bold to suggest its existence.

These volumes do not attempt to give any fresh aspect of Irish life. No new truth has been sought for, nor the interpretation of ordinary human motives. They are interesting as a museum in which many old fallacies and falsehoods, almost ready to perish, have been collected and preserved for a while. The writer, with her contracted outlook on Irish affairs, and her conception of a duel of the creeds, has not faced the essential problems of Ormonde's career. She has missed its tremendous elements of tragedy, herself blinded, as her hero was, by "the god of his idolatry."

WINNOWNED VERSE.

- "Chambers of Imagery." By GORDON BOTTOMLEY. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
 "The Lure of the Sea." By J. E. PATTERSON. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)
 "Interpretations." By ZORR AKINS. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)
 "The Immortal Lure." By CALE YOUNG RICE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.)
 "Dream Songs for the Beloved." By ELEANOR FARJEON. (Orpheus Press. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Colombine: A Fantasy." By REGINALD ARKELL. (Benn & Cronin. 1s. net.)
 "The Ulster Folk." By PADRIC GREGORY. (Nutt. 1s. net.)
 "Songs of a Syrian Lover." By CLINTON SCOLLARD. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

We have conscientiously examined a number of books of verse, some forty of them, all published during the last few months. A few that have been set aside for special consideration are not included in the number, but these forty are fairly representative of the great mass of verse that is being written nowadays. Ten or a dozen of them were bad without qualification; eight are mentioned above, and these all have some quality or another that makes them at worst better than negligible. These two groups were easy going; there was no doubt as to the badness, and for the more distinctive work we were duly grateful. But the rest—the hopeless, perplexing rest! These are the books that, with the most guileless intentions, are the real menace of poetry. They are accomplished; they violate few laws, and they have a certain air of sincerity. They duly avoid platitudes, and are blameless of the faults of the bad versifier. They are good enough to secure a small circle of readers who probably have no standard by which to judge poetry, and failing to find anything at which they can openly laugh or cavil are more or less suddenly driven to the conclusion that this is poetry, and that it is a very dull sort of thing. For these books are a mere weariness. Their writers all tell us that they feel exactly the emotions that a poet might feel; they tell us this ably and prettily, and they, one and all, fail to carry the least conviction. We simply don't believe them. We may be wrong, but the fault is theirs, not ours. It is their business to make us believe them. A poet is never given the benefit of the doubt, and if his authenticity does not burn itself into our minds, there is nothing for it but to deny it altogether. And the genuine poet finds this dead-weight of innocently spurious production in the balance against him when he is seeking a public hearing.

Mr. Gordon Bottomley's "Chambers of Imagery" is frankly and deliberately obscure, but he manages to convince us at once that he really does mean and feel what he is saying, and that is a virtue not to be passed without praise. His obscurity arises not from any inability to express himself, but from the fact that, as poet, he lives in a curious little world of his own creation. It is not an uninteresting or unlovely world, but to anyone but himself it must remain a largely unintelligible world. It is full of half-lights and fragile voices, a mysticism that has not grown out of imaginative contemplation of life among men but out of Mr. Bottomley's delicate and lonely inventiveness. It is all a kaleidoscope, a succession of quaint and charmingly-colored surprises, entertaining enough, but without any definite meaning. Not that there is any trickery in these poems; Mr. Bottomley quite clearly is sincere, but he makes it impossible for us to co-relate his utterance to the common experience of the world because this is a thing with which he does not at all come into contact. Reading his poems is a new little separate experience. He comes into our vision and leaves it as a remote figure, rather lovable, but having no articulate word for our ears, very plainly intent upon business of his own. We wish him luck and treasure-trove in his travels.

Mr. J. E. Patterson, oddly enough, errs by being too definite. He has a fine breezy enthusiasm for the sea and its life, and he sings it with vigor and a pleasant, if somewhat formal, sense of music. The longest poem in his "Lure of the Sea," entitled "Daughters of Nereus," is a narrative that is always interesting and sometimes poetry. Its chief fault, as indeed of the whole book, is a tendency to be indifferent as to the choice of words. Mr. Patterson is not nearly strict enough

with himself as craftsman. Sincerity of feeling, even vision itself, do not become poetry until they are embodied in that rare excellence of expression which is style. A man may feel the terror of a rocky coast, or the beauty of the skies, the loveliness of Bacchantes, the strangeness of the sea, quite sincerely, and yet speak of "a fearsome rock," "skies that are "wondrous fair," "charms divine," and "this subtle old breast of the mystical deep," as Mr. Patterson does—but he is not making poetry. In expressing himself in this way he is merely, as we have said, telling us that he feels these things without making us believe him. When Mr. Patterson writes so, he, too, is a weariness, but happily he often writes in a manner that does justice to his fine eagerness for adventure. His perception is not a very rare one, but very often he does convince us that he really has felt something, and when a poet does that we forgive him much.

Miss Zoë Akins's "Interpretations" is her first book of poems. Here is a poet who has moved freely among the normal life of earth, and felt very intimately the strangeness and bitterness and beauty of it all. Moreover, she has disciplined her utterance; here is no carelessness, nothing said in other than the best possible way that Miss Akins could find to say it. She will, we believe, find a yet better way, but already she sings with a gravity that has in it nothing strained or self-conscious. Her "Mary Magdalen" is finely wrought and passionately felt, and many of the shorter poems show that she is coming to a clear understanding of the secret that translates life into art. Her book is a first venture of uncommon interest. In "The Immortal Lure," Mr. Cale Young Rice gives us four short plays that have the common defect of relying too much for their effect upon some sensational turn of events, at the expense of more purely imaginative development. But they have many admirable qualities. The characters interest us in themselves, apart from the strange circumstances in which they are placed, and Mr. Rice preserves a just balance between action and idea. It is the action itself that is his trouble. If he would be content to conduct this along normal courses, he might produce a really memorable poetic drama. As it is, the fact that his events are abnormal throws them out into startling prominence, and they assume an importance in his work that is not theirs by right. The play from which the book takes its title is the one least erring in this matter, and it gains enormously in consequence.

Miss Eleanor Farjeon's "Dream Songs for the Beloved" is chiefly noteworthy for the last two poems in the book, the charming "Maid's Idyll," and the striking ballad of "Weland and the Swan-Girls." The other poems are a little hysterical in expression, and indulge too freely in that kind of vagueness that talks of Whither and Why with capitals, and Knowledge, and Wisdom, and many other things. But these two poems, and particularly the ballad, have genuine passion in them, and an excellent clarity. If Miss Farjeon would take them as models for her future work she would not do amiss. Mr. Reginald Arkell adds to his "Colombine" certain "other verses." They are entertaining, but rather sentimental, in the laugh-and-a-pipe-in-a-weary-world vein. But "Colombine" itself is admirable. It has been acted, and should stand the test well. The central love story of Colombine and Harlequin and Pierrot is rather too lightly sketched in to be quite convincing; but the atmosphere is of just the right delicacy, and the background of rustic humor in the persons of Dan'l and Nathan'l is entirely charming, and quite genuinely humorous. The "other verses" need frighten no one; they are quite well done, and the little play itself once read will not easily be forgotten. The book contains some delightful sketches by Mr. Frederick Carter. The last two volumes on our list are not particularly distinguished, but they both have that sincerity that the reviewer looked for so earnestly among those forty volumes and found so rarely. In "The Ulster Folk," Mr. Padric Gregory sings gaily and freshly to old tunes, and puts his personality into his verse, whilst Mr. Clinton Scollard, in his "Songs of a Syrian Lover" writes as though he really were in love, and that at least is a genuine enough experience. But let no one make the experience an excuse for contributing to the next forty; he must first be sure that he can prove himself—as Mr. Scollard does.

NAPOLEON THE LITTLE.

"Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.: Personal Reminiscences of the Man and Emperor." By the late Baron D'AMBÈS. Edited and Translated by A. R. ALLINSON, M.A. With Illustrations from the Collection of A. M. BROADLEY. (Stanley Paul. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

"WHEN it comes to fixing the fathers of her children, Hortense is always confused about her dates," was a remark of Cardinal Fesch, who was under no delusion as to the morals of his illustrious relatives. The author of these Memoirs claims to have proved that Napoleon III. was the son of Napoleon I. and his step-daughter Hortense, wife of Louis, King of Holland. His argument, shaky at a critical point, is too long and complicated for discussion in this place. The Memoirs, written in diary form, begin in 1831, when Louis Napoleon, a young man of twenty-three, two or three years older than the pseudonymous Baron, was living with his mother, Hortense, in Arenenberg. They come to an end (with many a wide gap in their path) in 1873, with the ex-Emperor's death at Chislehurst. An accidental acquaintance, originating in identity of political ideals, speedily ripened into life-long, confidential friendship. "France needs a Man," and the "destined Man" is the exiled Prince—such was their common creed. Yet the Diary is not a defence of the Empire; nor is it an indictment. It is, in the main, a description of the author's "revered Master"—less as the Emperor in the Man than as the Man in the Emperor—and withal, strikingly impartial. For though the Diarist lets down Louis Napoleon easily—attributing his blunders, and worse, to his "good nature," his "sentimentality," his "dreaminess," his "humanity," and to an "irresolution" inseparable from a laudable desire to probe every side of a question—he scrupulously records the facts, though aware that the world would judge them far more severely.

So, despite his tenderness, our Diarist gives us an accurate portrait of his friend, built up from numberless touches, scattered unsystematically throughout his eight hundred gossiping pages, from many of Louis's own letters to the author, to Hortense, and other personages. Not a trace of "style," of striving after effect, is there in these diaries. They are the plain talk of a straightforward, intelligent man of the world; excellent raw material for the reader himself to work upon. Our honest author's hero is just Victor Hugo's "Napoleon le Petit" masquerading in the big Napoleon's clothes. "It is my absolute duty to continue my Uncle's mission," to "extract the gold of democracy," "to found the democratic empire," "my Uncle was Caesar, I am Augustus," "my name is a programme," so the Oracle goes, all through these forty years. "A man of iron will," writes our Diarist. No doubt, if one's everlasting persistence in one's infatuation means strength; not otherwise. And the Baron himself, always honest, shows us how the "man of iron will," at every crisis in his career, crumples up when it comes to the point. The iron will is nothing more than the tenacious clinging to an idea megalomaniac and unattainable, of a weak, well-meaning sentimentalist, blind to the real drift of European evolution, and confirmed in his self-delusion by an entire nation, itself, also, self-deluded into faith in his Messiah-ship. Such is the tragic drama of the Second Empire, wherein the referendum plays the part of *deus ex machina*, and the Oppositional Delagranges the part of chorus-leaders moralising on the justice and irony of things; and the strong-willed Empress—the "bigoted Papist," "the Spaniard," "that woman," as our Diarist ruefully designates her—the part of evil genius, leading her sceptic, irresolute husband to his doom.

Our Diarist's hero is, however, a cunning man. To have turned France into a single constituency and won its practically unanimous vote for his hybrid monstrosity, "the democratic Empire," was, and still is, the most astonishing feat in the odious history of Parliamentary "nursing." Our Diarist is at his best when he traces the progress of the play of mutual hallucination between Caesar and the people. The French had long been bored by the Bourbons, at whose re-appearance the Parisians had laughed uproariously, and then by the Orleanists, who cleared out with a pile of money that would have excited the admiration of a Vanderbilt. Next, they were alarmed by the working-class agitations, and experiments (such as that of National Workshops),

which, disaster education organis of a lat bid for St. Hel invest Despi Boulogn When h the Rep patient long, de elevation subsequ Louis's military may we ing," do Empire Imperat village, capital Emperor Arts an ran the charmed works o until re debt fri expos phobisc blank cl people filling it in its fo ally be Diarist Closen may thr whose " oppose chopping ments, his hero The that we nature, benevole The litt cloak to man of directed public l guarant dreamt "L'Em adding forced l continue because Christia a Vatic Romani Academ you go will fin bigotry Maximi for the issues f mented vanishi Miram from W hideous press v Italian "woul more d

which, though inspired by a humane ideal, led to riotous disaster, because being first attempts, they lacked the education, the discipline, the numerical strength, the organising skill of the French, German, and English unions of a later age. Many years earlier, even Louis Philippe's bid for popularity—his transfer of Napoleon's ashes from St. Helena to the Invalides—failed in its purpose, for it invested the new Man of Destiny with the Napoleonic halo. Despite their melodramatic absurdity, the Strassbourg and Boulogne ventures were a first-rate advertisement for Louis. When he astutely held aloof after his election as Deputy to the Republican Assembly, France became all the more impatient for her Man of Destiny. Curious is the Diarist's long, detailed account of the National attitude after Louis's elevation to the Presidency, and of the Chief Magistrate's subsequent tours all over France. To the France of to-day, Louis's assumption of the Imperial speech, manner, and military uniform, promptly on his promotion to the Chair, may well seem astounding. The touring, otherwise "nursing," dodge succeeded so well that the proclamation of the Empire was welcomed with delirious delight—"Ave! Cæsar-Imperator!" flaring on triumphal arches in every town and village, patriotic addresses, deputations pouring into the capital from all parts of the country. "To Napoleon, Emperor, and Savior of modern civilisation, Protector of Arts and Sciences, of Agriculture, Industry, and Commerce," ran the dedication by the people of Paris. The French were charmed by Louis's zeal for peaceful industry, for public works of all sorts, by his schemes for beautifying Paris—until reckless extravagance and the growth of the public debt frightened them. Without meaning it, our Diarist exposes the logical fatality of the referendum (otherwise *plébiscite*). Having presented their Savior of Society with a blank cheque bearing their signature, how could the French people have reasonably objected to the Savior's way of filling it in? The direct representative of the entire nation in its form of a single constituency, Louis Napoleon naturally became the initiator of legislation. And, as our Diarist argues, though any person may offer advice to the Chosen One, none, whether in the Assembly or out of it, may thrust themselves between the Emperor and the people, whose "incarnation" he is; to oppose the Chosen One is to oppose the "Sovereign People"! And so, our logic-chopping Diarist justifies the official dismissals, the banishments, the imprisonments, the newspaper suppressions of his hero's reign.

The Man was respectable. It was the Emperor in him that went astray. He was pacific, says our Diarist. By nature, he doubtless was. Of his kindly, compassionate, benevolent character the Diarist gives many an instance. The little Prince who, in a rainstorm, gave his shoes and cloak to a shivering, starving beggar, was the father of the man of secret, generous (though sometimes woefully misdirected) charities. Louis Napoleon dreamt of a system of public loans to needy, but industrious, citizens, on no other guarantee for repayment but their "word of honor." He dreamt of Hague tribunals long before their institution. "L'Empire, c'est la paix," our Diarist repeats, immediately adding "l'Impératrice, c'est la guerre!"—"that woman forced him to belie his programme." She urged him, he continues, into the China, Syrian, and Cochin China wars, because of the murder of a missionary, a number of Lebanon Christians, and an Andalusian monk. The Empress, being a Vaticanist bigot, "jumped for joy" when two militant Romanists (De Broglie and Feuille) were elected to the Academy, but the Emperor, "being a sceptic, smiled." "If you go to the bottom of things," the Diarist goes on, "you will find that the Mexican War sprang from the Empress's bigotry and De Morny's rapacity." The bogus "Emperor" Maximilian deserved his fate, but the reader will feel deeply for the deluded wife—of whom we catch a glimpse, as she issues from Cæsar's study, her eyes red with weeping; demoralised with grief at Cæsar's abandonment of her husband; vanishing out of the world, into the night of her asylum in Miramar. The "man of iron will" was scared by a hint from Washington. Louis Napoleon would "liberalise" the hideous misrule of the States of the Church; but the Empress would brook no interference with the Pope. The Italians would occupy Rome in 1866, but the Empress "would not have it." The husband's irresolution was even more disastrous than the wife's obstinacy, and the Diarist

pictures the Emperor arrested, by a Prussian threat, in mid-career of his war for Italian liberation; avoiding the risk of insult in disappointed Turin; "slinking out of Italy like a criminal." This was the Liberator who dreamt of a grotesque plan for the federation of the Italian States with the Pope for President.

In the Baron's jottings on the noisy hey-day of the Empire, we come across a reference to an onlooker at the show, "a very strange man, M. Bismarck, accredited to the Emperor"; "he has a brain of iron," and the look of him rather "distresses" our Diarist. The years pass, and the Paris populace, raging for M. Bismarck's skin, are shouting "à Berlin." Someone sitting beside our Diarist on the crowded top of an omnibus wonders what may happen if the Emperor be defeated. The infuriated passengers heave him overboard. In the Sorbonne, two candidates for the bachelor's degree are on the point of being plucked. A message announcing a French success is handed to the examiner. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "you have passed." Trivial gossip, but eloquent of the popular hallucination. A few days later, and among the falling ruins of an Empire of hollow impostures and vulgar splendors, the brave soldiers of France were weeping with rage over their Cæsar's imbecility, at last revealed.

A "SMALL MIND" IN INDIA.

"A Year With the Gaekwar of Baroda." By the Rev. EDWARD ST. CLAIR WEEDEN. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

A SERIOUS and sympathetic account of Baroda, and of the conspicuous man who rules it, would be of great service. All the more since a small gang of correspondents at the Durbar combined to cast discredit upon the Gaekwar for some imaginary or unconscious breach of etiquette—turning his back upon the King before he had quite left the carpet, or whatever else the silly charge may have been. Any charge against that ruler would be welcomed, as no doubt the correspondents knew, by old-fashioned members of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy whose one idea of the "native" is that he "must be kept in his place," that place being one of perpetual subservience; and the Gaekwar has always refused to be subservient.

He ranks with Mr. Gokhale and his own late minister, Mr. Romesh Dutt, among the true statesmen of India. By speech and action he has proved himself one of the patriotic reformers of his own country; and by careful finance, by the education of boys and girls alike, and by the encouragement of the old village community and other forms of local administration, he has shown, within the limits of his small but important State, what a wise and energetic Indian ruler can accomplish. But the ordinary Anglo-Indian mind regards such enlightenment and success with apprehensive dislike. Any service done for India, apart from the paternal benignity of the British rule, is suspect. One hair's breadth only divides it from "sedition." And that is why our old-fashioned bureaucrats, greedy for anything that might discredit the Gaekwar, made the most of the mare's nest discovered by our Yellow Press.

So a serious and broad-minded account of Baroda and its ruler would now be opportune, and we hoped to find it in this volume. Our disappointment was the greater. The performance is almost ludicrous in its inadequacy and triviality. The author himself naively admits his entire incompetence for the task he has undertaken:—

"What a pity it is," he writes at the end of the book, "that I have such a small mind! The Gaekwar has given me such a unique opportunity for studying native life, customs, and habits, and I have made little or no use of it. As I look back upon the past year it seems to be full of eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusement. One sees and laughs at so many little things, while the big things which ought to excite admiration pass by unnoticed."

If the author had tried to anticipate our criticism, he could not have done it better. How often in reading these pages we have sighed over a unique opportunity lost! How often we have regretted that the writer had such a small mind, and occupied all his time and all his book with eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusements! Those four words are an exact summary of all he received from

his unique opportunity, and all he gives us. He is not doing himself an injustice; we wish he were. When he regrets that his mind is small, his description is exactly right. It is not a vicious or dishonest mind; it is well-disposed, entirely well-intentioned; within the narrow sphere of social accomplishments, it would be called "charming." But it is the mind turned out by the middle forms of our public schools; occupied with trivialities, and precisely "small."

The year of Mr. Weeden's visit was a time of intense national and political interest for India. He does not give the date, but it can be fixed by the death of Sir George Clarke's daughter, whose memory is held dear among Indians far beyond the limits of Bombay. Though the first outbreak of "unrest" was over, the air was still charged with discontent and uncertainty. Nationalist hopes, encountered by official suppression, were driven to dark conspiracies. The adoration of the mother country was merged into a religious and mystical enthusiasm that consecrated its devotees to the service of India as to a mother goddess. The enormous and varied populations of India from north to south were deeply stirred into reaction against foreign manufactures, and foreign laws and manners. The foreign Government was attempting to allay the ferment by suppression, tempered with cautious reforms.

If ever there was a crisis or turning-point in the history of Empire, it was then. But of this crisis Mr. Weeden perceived nothing, or says nothing. He was within easy reach of the great centres of Indian thought and economics at Poona and Bombay. He was actually living with the ruler who has carried such self-government as is now possible in India perhaps to its highest point. But to such vital interests as these he appears to have remained blind. The things that appealed to him were tea-parties, dinners, jewellery, dilettante music and dancing, croquet, tennis, motor drives, the slaughter of driven animals, the composition of ballades and little jokes, with an occasional church service thrown in. Certainly it was an ideal life for the typical curate, as one used to imagine him some years ago, but we hoped he was extinct. Open almost any page and read such a passage as this:—

"One morning, Maharani" (the Gaekwar's consort, a woman of high education and strong personality) "sent for me and took me all over her rooms, but I cannot hope to describe them to you: words fail me to tell of the multitude of instruments for the toilet in ivory and gold spread on the lace coverings of the dressing tables, in graceful order before the large crystal mirrors; of wardrobes piled with hundreds of saris, wrought by cunning hands out of the most costly and dazzling materials; of drawers filled with the finest lace from Brussels and from Ireland (she confessed to being rather extravagant in the matter of lace); of jewels sparkling in golden dressing-cases; of walls hung with priceless tapestries; of bedsteads and furniture of gold and silver, covered with magnificent brocades; of slippers and shawls and rugs and curtains that are miracles of the embroiderer's art. Everything was there which an exquisite taste could imagine and unlimited wealth command. . . . It was all too fascinating, and I only tore myself away with great reluctance when a message came from Maharaja that he was waiting for me to come to breakfast."

Does it not read like an interview by some frivolous correspondent of a fashion paper? And throughout the book a similar tone is steadily maintained. We ought not to complain. Where the mind is admittedly small, what it sees and says will be small as well. But in one point at least we do most heartily agree with the author: we regret that his unique opportunity should have been wasted in eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusement, while the big things which might have excited another man's interest, if not admiration, passed by him unnoticed.

A CRITIC OF STRAUSS.

"Post-Victorian Music." By C. L. GRAVES. (Macmillan. 6s.)

MR. C. L. GRAVES has not been altogether wise in reprinting these essays of his from the "Spectator" without modification or curtailment. We read, for example, that "Mdlle. Landi is announced to sing the 'Dichterliebe' at her next concert," and then learn, from the date at the end of the article, that it was written in February, 1906. And in view of all that has happened to and about Strauss during the last seven years, Mr. Graves might have reprinted the substance of his 1905 article on the "Symphonia Domestica"

with a different commencement than this: "Richard Strauss has come and gone. He has conducted the second performance of his 'Symphonia Domestica' in such a way as to throw a certain amount of new light on his intentions by adopting *tempi* and *nuances* of expression differing from those adopted by Mr. Henry Wood, to whose exertions in training the band and preparing the work he paid a handsome and well-deserved tribute of gratitude. He has had an enthusiastic reception"; and so on.

The book is most interesting where it is least ambitious and least controversial. Mr. Graves writes pleasantly enough, in a style the old-fashioned leisureliness of which is increased by the presence of a Greek or Latin tag on every other page, on topics like "Veterans of the Orchestra," "Jacques Blumenthal," "The Ballad Industry," "London's Concert Halls," and the "Re-emergence of the Prima Donna." On musical questions pure and simple, and especially on modern music, Mr. Graves speaks with rather less authority. He is apparently of the order of those who think that Brahms has said the last notable word in music, and that Strauss is little more than a clever charlatan; and, like the rest of the circle to which he belongs, he is virtuously indignant at unintelligent or unkind criticism of his own idol while indulging in a considerable quantity of criticism of other people's idols that they would perhaps not regard as erring on the side either of sympathy or of insight. People who are superficially contemptuous of Brahms are "detractors," or, in moments of exceptional causticity of satire, "enlightened critics." All the while Mr. Graves is writing of Strauss with a mixture of patronising contempt and misunderstanding that is as likely to make that composer's admirers—who, *pace* Mr. Graves, are not all fools and quacks—as angry as the Brahmsians were and are at some of the stupidities of Brahms's "detractors."

Mr. Graves holds that Strauss works on what our author calls "the oasis principle"—"the alternation of long stretches of deliberate ugliness with little scraps of commonplace melody, which sound lovely, just as ditch-water might taste delicious to a man perishing of thirst." That, apparently, is meant seriously; elsewhere we have the same thing with the decorous "Punch" giggle: "If you proscribe melody as a rule, an extra charm attaches to your occasional deviations from it. This frugal use of his genial moments is certainly one of the cleverest things about Strauss. If he were to indulge his amiable mood continuously, he might run the risk of being classed with his Viennese namesake." Strauss is lost in a slough of "calculated eccentricity"—(when will that old cliché go the way of "pro-Boer" and "friend of every country but his own," and "dollar dictation," and all the rest of the man-in-the-street's dreary substitutes for thinking?)—and, crowning piece of "detraction," "the difficulty with Strauss seems to be to find" a subject "sufficiently ignoble." A dozen or so of pages in this strain almost tempt one to wish that Mr. Graves would send his serious articles to the "Spectator" and his comic ones to "Punch." With all his faults, Strauss is a man of genius; and if a good deal of the psychological subtlety of his expression goes past or over Mr. Graves as he sits in the theatre or the concert-room, the fault is hardly Strauss's. One of Mr. Graves's favorite indictments of Strauss is the choice of subjects like "Salome" and "Elektra." How can a musician be a great composer if he is not a good man? and how can he be a good man if he likes to describe naughty people of this sort? Why cannot he sing the praises of virtuous women, as Beethoven did in "Fidelio"? The attitude is characteristically British. But indeed it is a little late in the day to be worrying over these things in connection with Strauss. What is wanted is an impartial appraisal of him as a musician, from the standpoints of expression, style, and technique; and that is a much more complex undertaking than Mr. Graves seems to imagine.

AN ULSTER BURLESQUE.

"The Red Hand of Ulster." By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

MR. BIRMINGHAM'S "The Red Hand of Ulster" suffers, like the great majority of our novels, from the artistic execution being unnecessarily poor. We do not complain that the

story verges on extravaganza, but that the author should not have taken more trouble with a subject of particular interest. Mr. Birmingham has wit, insight, and knowledge, but his story has an impromptu air, lacks artistic illusion, and is very sketchy in outline. The essential truth of the diagnosis of Ulsteria, will not, we fear, prevent the story from being forgotten in a few months.

The story is told through the mouth of the imaginary narrator, Lord Kilmore of Errigal. Presented with a little artistic cunning, the figure of this light-minded Irishman would be typically national in his blend of careless shrewdness; but he is thrown at our head, so to speak, and we have to make him out as best we can. The machinery of the plot is also somewhat artless. Conroy, an American millionaire, the grandson of an emigrant peasant ruined in the great famine, determines, half out of ancestral hatred, and half for the fun of the thing, that it is a grand notion to "buck against the British Lion," and finance an Irish revolution, and starts buying and smuggling into Ulster, in his yacht, the "Finola," cargoes of rifles and other munitions of war. His secretary, Bob Power, a genial dare-devil, who knows the right way to tackle everybody, introduces Conroy to McNeill, the militant Orange don; to James Cronan, the Grand Master; to the Dean, who is Grand Chaplain to the Black Preceptory of the Orange Order; to Cahoon, the Belfast manufacturer; to Colonel Malcolmson, who has mapped out an actual fighting programme for Ulstermen; and to Lord and Lady Moynes, who are "tremendously keen Unionists," but do not really mean fighting. There is also Babberley, the great orator, who has been putting up a bluff on platforms for years throughout the country, and swearing that Ulster will resist Home Rule by force if necessary; but he is a true politician who knows the relationship between words and deeds. Mr. Birmingham's analysis of the many ingredients simmering in the Ulster broth is fair enough, and the pot begins to boil when Conroy's smuggled rifles have been distributed successfully throughout North-Eastern Ulster, and the Government decides to "proclaim" the great "Review," in Belfast, of the numerous contingents that begin their march to the "loyal" city. One of the most telling little sketches of Orange fanaticism is that of McConkey, the foreman of the Green Looney Scutching Mill, who neither drinks nor smokes, but saves, and spends his savings on a machine-gun of his own design—"a bonny, wee thing," which, fortunately, jams at the critical moment, when in action. Good, also, is the portrait of O'Donovan, the ex-Fenian editor of "The Loyalist," who indites fiery leaders against the "Papists," and writes that "it would be better, if necessary, to imitate the Boers, and shoot down regiments of British soldiers than to be false to the Empire of which it is our proudest boast that we are citizens." "The Loyalist" has a great circulation in County Antrim, where it is distributed by a colporteur of Bibles among the small farmers—"the grim, silent warriors" whose battle-song is "O God, our help in ages past." Mr. Birmingham is particularly successful when he is emphasising the survival of Puritanic traditions in Ulster. The Dean, for example, after hoisting the Union Jack on the church-tower, holds a service for the men of his contingent, who attend, rifles in hand, convinced that they are marching to battle under Divine protection. As Lord Kilmore puts it, "it was not the politicians who were taking possession of religion, but religion which was asserting its right to dominate politics." We penetrate, perhaps, furthest into the heart of Ulster psychology in the person of Mr. Cahoon, the Belfast man of business, whose lack of imagination confines him perpetually within the cage of his hard narrowness:—

"What those fellows want," said Mr. Cahoon, "is to get their hands into our pockets. But it won't do."

"Those fellows" were plainly the Nationalist leaders.

"Taxation?" I said.

"Belfast will be the milch-cow of the Dublin Parliament," said Cahoon. "Money will be wanted to feed paupers and pay priests in the south and west. We're the only people who have any money."

I had never before come into contact with a man like Cahoon, and I was very much interested in him.

His contempt not only for our fellow-countrymen in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, but for all the other inhabitants of the British Isles, was absolute. He had a way of pronouncing final judgment on all the problems of life which fascinated me.

"That's all well enough in its way," he would say; "but it won't do in Belfast. We're business men."

Mr. Cahoon, however, in his "curiously hard way," is touched with idealisms. He has built and maintains a model village in a suburb of Belfast, and he gets up at five o'clock in the morning to look after its welfare. But he has never travelled, and he has little time for reading. He has, in fact, much the same outlook on life as a horse in blinkers who journeys on a hard road. So his formula never varies. "It wouldn't do in Belfast. We are business men there." The Ulster Defence Committee, which decides to hold the Loyalist meeting in defiance of the Government's proclamation, is dominated by Cahoon's spirit of dogged egoism, and when Lord Kilmore arrives in Belfast, he is confronted by the spectacle of two hostile armies holding the same town, the "Loyalist" forces bivouacking in the streets and squares, which are held in force by the Government troops. This scene of comic opera gives the author plenty of scope for exercising his wit, and a convenient butt is to hand in Sir Samuel Clithering, a Nonconformist politician, who is acting as unofficial ambassador of the Cabinet. Sir Samuel cannot understand that the Belfast business man doesn't think bloodshed is deplorable; but, as strict orders have been given to the commanding officer that bloodshed must be avoided at all costs, there seems to be no way out of the *impasse*. On the day of the march past, the police, deprived of their carbines, attempt to disperse the crowd; but the volunteers charge them, and nothing is left of the police! Then the English Dragoons come into action, using only the flats of their swords, but retire hurriedly when the "Loyalists" give them a volley. Similarly, when the infantry fire on the volunteers, all their bullets pass overhead, and when they are charged in turn, they simply turn right-about and march into the next street! It is, on the side of the regular troops, merely a sham fight; even McConkey's formidable machine gun, when it is brought to the front, does nothing but demolish a couple of tramcars. After the two hours' battle is over, all the Government troops are safely confined to barracks, lest, as Sir Samuel puts it, "the citizens of Belfast be shot down by the military," where they remain all the next day. To convince the loyal citizens, however, that they cannot withstand the forces of the British Empire, the Channel Fleet is now ordered to Belfast Lough. But the volunteers, believing that they have defeated the troops the previous day, are not at all cast down. And, in fact, the Fleet having fired one shot, which demolishes the statue of Queen Victoria opposite the City Hall, has to retreat in haste for fear of being damaged by the fire of Colonel Malcolmson's big gun, which has been surreptitiously mounted on Cave Hill! The whole situation is now so farcical that the author perhaps cannot be blamed for winding-up the story with Lord Kilmore's sardonic dictation of Ulster's terms to Sir Samuel Clithering—terms which the Cabinet cheerfully accept. It would have been better had Mr. Birmingham stopped dead on the note we indicate by our quotation, since the after pages only cloud the dramatic issue. But this blemish is characteristic of the ingenious author's failure to shape his material into the form of artistic excellence:—

"Take down now what I'm going to say now as accurately as possible. The Government—I mean, of course, as far as Ulster is concerned, the late Government, your Government—must either conduct the war in a proper business-like way. Have you got that down, Godfrey?"

"Do you mean," said Clithering, "that you want us—?"

"I mean," I said, "that we have put our money into it. Conroy, in particular, has spent huge sums on cannons. We are determined to have a show of some sort. Your Government must therefore either agree to fight properly, and not keep running away every time we get a shot in, or—"

"Yes," said Clithering, "go on."

"I'm waiting," I said, "till Godfrey gets that written down. Have you finished, Godfrey? Or—now take this down carefully—you English clear out of Ireland altogether, every man of you, except—"

"But, but, but—" said Clithering.

"And leave us to manage Ireland ourselves. Got that, Godfrey?"

"But," said Clithering, "but—I thought you didn't want Home Rule."

"We don't. We won't have it at any price."

"But that is Home Rule of the most extreme kind. . . . This is all rather surprising. May I call up the Prime Minister on the telephone?"

"Certainly," I said. "I'm in no hurry. But be sure that you put it to him distinctly. I don't want to have any misunderstanding." . . .

Clithering came back. He seemed greatly excited. "The Prime Minister," he blurted out, "is quite ready. He says he has no objection. In fact, it's what we've been trying to do all along. Our Home Rule Bill was simply an attempt. . . ."

"But there's no risk of bloodshed, is there, Lord Kilmore?"

"Not the slightest."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Poets' Chantry." By KATHERINE BRÉGY. (Herbert & Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE poets whom Miss Brégy has chosen for consideration lie, for the most part, outside the main stream of English poetry. They are English Roman Catholics, who interest her chiefly by reason of the religious experience which finds expression in their writings. Richard Crashaw is the greatest of them. Francis Thompson, perhaps, has the most interest for the present generation. And Coventry Patmore, Lionel Johnson, and Mrs. Meynell still have a large circle of admirers. But the chief interest of this little book lies in the sympathetic attention which the author has given to poets seldom read to-day—men who were finely representative of Catholicism, and often effectively expressed themselves in poetry. She tells briefly of the life of Robert Southwell, the Jesuit priest, who suffered martyrdom in Elizabeth's reign. His religious poems were greatly admired by his contemporaries, and one at least of them—"Burning Babe"—should never be forgotten. As a poet, William Habington wrote some poems which can be read with pleasure by the layman to-day; there is grace, lightness, and fancy in his lyrics, and he is free from the excessive fantastic artifices which destroy our pleasure in so much poetry of his time. Aubrey de Vere is better known now by his literary friendships than his poems, from the best of which Miss Brégy has quoted. The author pays her tribute also to Father Gerard Hopkins. The work has evidently been with her a labor of love. She has chosen poets who are suitably represented in a miniature, and has traced their features with firmness and as much fidelity as is consistent with unstinted praise.

"The Life of Admiral Lord Anson." By WALTER VERNON ANSON. (Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

ANSON is, of course, remembered for his famous voyage round the world in the "Centurion," but his descendant, Captain Vernon Anson, claims that he also deserves to be described as "the Father of the British Navy," and "one of the greatest and most interesting characters who ever shed his influence over our country." Without going so far as this, we may admit that Anson brought about many great reforms in the Admiralty, and that he did much to forge the weapon of which Nelson afterwards made so effective a use. The story of his voyage round the world has been often told, and forms a large section of Captain Anson's book. We are given, in addition, a description of the British Navy in 1744, an account of Anson's work at the Admiralty, a chapter on the rise of Pitt, another on the war with France, and some appreciations of Anson's life and character. The book is in no way striking, but is worth the attention of students of naval history.

"A Short History of English Law." By EDWARD JENKS. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible in a short notice to do more than call attention to this book. A history in one volume of the English legal system has long been needed, and all who are interested in the subject have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact that the task has now been performed by Mr. Jenks. His book covers the whole field of English legal history, with the exception of the origin and development of the Courts and the relations of the State towards its subjects. There is an abundance of treatises on constitutional history, and Mr. Jenks has used his space to better advantage in dealing more fully with the growth of our legal system from the end of the sixteenth century onwards. His book is indispensable to every student of law, and it contains a great deal of curious information that is not

without interest for the general reader. We regret that pressure on our space prevents us from giving a full notice to this important volume, which is certain to take its place as a standard work on its subject.

"The Practice of Water-Color Painting." By A. L. BALDRY. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

ALL of the nineteen living artists whose water-color methods are described in this volume are well known to the exhibition-going public, and, as regards variety at any rate, no better selection could have been made. The veriest tyro could, for instance, recognise the difference between the art of Mr. Frank Brangwyn and that of Sir Ernest Waterlow, or between Mr. Arthur Rackham and Mr. Albert Goodwin, or between Mr. Robert Allan and Mr. Alfred Powell; and the remainder, including Mrs. Allingham and Messrs. Wilfrid Ball, George Elgood, W. Ayerst Ingram, and Arthur Wardle, among others, are sufficiently distinguishable from each other to illustrate forcibly the diverse ways in which the British water-color tradition is being maintained. The rise and growth of this tradition is dealt with by Mr. Baldry in a preliminary chapter, in which he traces its beginnings to the "stained drawings" of the eighteenth-century aquarellist, and follows its progress therefrom in the hands of Paul Sandby, Girtin, Turner, Copley Fielding, De Wint, and David Cox, to the present generation. To the latter-day *dilettante*, nourished upon an æsthetic diet of Post-Impressionism, Cubism, and other isms, some of the drawings reproduced in this book may seem tame stuff. But in appreciating what is still the main stream of water-color development, Mr. Baldry will please a large section of picture-lovers; the more so, because, as the names we have mentioned indicate, he cannot be accused of narrowness in taste.

"Recollections of Léonard, Hairdresser to Queen Marie-Antoinette." Translated by E. JULES MERAS. (Greening. 5s. net.)

THIS is the first volume in the "Court Series of French Memoirs," and recounts in a light and gossip style the rise to fame and subsequent adventures of Marie-Antoinette's hairdresser. It is true that the authenticity of the work is not as firmly established as we could wish; but the picture it gives of the extravagance and folly of the age is supported by undoubted testimony. Léonard's Gascon temperament, as his translator hints, is responsible for some embroideries in his story, as it was responsible for the audacious *coiffure* that astonished Paris; but it also gives a touch of spirit and movement to the narrative. The book is worth reading for the vivid, if not altogether accurate, description it gives of Paris and Parisian society on the eve of the Revolution.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning August 23.	Price Friday morning August 24.
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Union Pacific	176½	176

THE City has spent a disturbed week—the incidence of the settlement, the extraordinary weather, and the uncertainty in the Money Market until the Bank Rate was definitely raised have affected most markets to a greater or less extent. Consols fell away in the early part of the week, a move in the Bank Rate being a foregone conclusion. The few "bulls" of the stock were encouraged to get out by the approach of the Consols settling day, which falls on Monday next, and the actual change in Bank Rate was practically without effect. Home Rails have been unable to withstand the deluge, with the reports of wholesale crop damage, and, though the traffics are very good, the market fears a different tale next week, when the effect of the floods will be apparent.

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The author deals with the events leading up to the Revolution, as well as the prospects of reform, and the bearing of the changes in the Far East on international relations, trade, education, and missions. There are numerous illustrations, including the latest portraits of China's big men of the present day, and two maps, prepared especially for this work. Altogether it is a very valuable history of the great upheaval, and gives an insight into the character of the Chinese people, whose progress is destined to engage the attention of the world more and more as time goes on.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

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—*Manchester Guardian*.

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A Study of the Spiritual and Intellectual Movements of the Present Day. By RUDOLPH EUCKEN. Translated by MEY-RICK BOOTH, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Jena). Demy, 8vo. cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

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Working expenses, too, are bound to be affected on account of the damage to the lines, and the price of Great Easterns—the chief sufferer through the isolation of a large portion of its area—was lowered on Wednesday, though the rest of the market improved slightly on the excellent traffics American Rails, after a set-back, have risen in New York, and have been assisted over here; but Wall Street is still under political influences. Canadian Pacifics have been taken in hand again; but, at their present level, they are a medium for big speculators only, and investors are leaving them alone. In the Foreign Railway Market, Mexicans are in a rather curious position. Political news is bad, but actual results are extremely good, the July revenue statement showing an increase of \$120,600 gross and \$80,100 net, the ratio of expenses being about 46 per cent. The Ordinary has risen, and the Preferences have not changed. San Paulos have dropped nearly 20 points during the week on the revival of the everlasting rumor of competition. This time, however, the Brazil Railway is mentioned, and in view of the activity of the group in the last year or so, the market is afraid to treat the talk too lightly. The recent boom in Rubbers has proceeded, and has survived the carry-over, though the buyers of the raw material do not seem to have been influenced to the same extent as the Stock Exchange by the prophecy of a rubber shortage. Still, the public is buying the shares in large numbers, and the boom looks like lasting until the next account. The rise in Rubbers has enlivened the rest of the Industrial Market, and many of the old favorites have risen, including Royal Maills, Marconis, Cements, and Hudson Bays. Breweries have been marked up, though there is little business, and Bank shares, which have been unduly depressed by sales on the part of holders fearful of shares with liability, have been picked up in numbers. The activity in mines is dying out, though another attempt will probably be made to prevent the market from falling back into a state of absolute stagnation.

THE FIRST SCOTTISH DIVIDENDS.

On Wednesday the dividends of the Highland and Great North of Scotland Railways were announced. These are the smallest of the Scotch lines, and derive most of their revenue from the touring and holiday districts of the North. They are, therefore, less affected by labor troubles in the commercial world than the three Lowland lines, and their results are not a fair criterion of the probable results of the others. Nevertheless, Caledonians and North British improved on the declarations. The Highland distribution is at the rate of 1½ per cent. on the Ordinary, with £1,000 to renewal fund, the dividend and appropriation being the same as for last year. The amount carried forward is only £430 lower at £7,651, which is most satisfactory in a half-year so disastrous to lines more dependent upon merchandise traffic. The Great North of Scotland figures are nearly as good, the dividend being at the same rate of ½ per cent. on the Deferred stock, with £270 less carried forward; but last year's appropriation of £2,000 to renewals is cut out. As the traffics for the half-year, as published, showed a loss of £3,500, the company has done well in keeping down working expenses apparently to last year's figure. We would repeat, however, that the other lines are in a different position entirely, and their results can hardly be so satisfactory.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The full report of the Canadian Pacific is now available, and some sort of analysis of the working results of the record year in the company's history is therefore possible. The report forms a contrast to most of those which come from the other side of the Atlantic, for though in some particulars the details are very full, in one or two important matters the proprietors are told very little. The various items of the year's capital expenditure are set out at great length, the changes in fixed charges are easily seen. The sources of the company's revenue are complete, and useful statistics of the work and earnings of the equipment are appended, but the important matter of working expenses is confined to one small table of some eight lines in the report, and no comparisons are given. As working expenses absorbed \$12,500,000 of the rise of \$19,000,000 in receipts the importance of analysing the expenses is apparent. In the following summary the growth of the revenue in recent years is shown:

	1909-10.		1910-11.		1911-12.
	\$		\$		\$
Gross earnings	94,989,490	...	104,167,808	...	123,319,641
Working expenses	61,149,535	...	67,467,978	...	80,021,200
	(64·38 %)		(64·77 %)		(64·99 %)
Net revenue	33,839,955	...	36,699,830	...	43,298,441
Other receipts	3,335,713	...	1,118,350	...	1,104,448
Total surplus	37,175,668	...	35,581,480	...	44,402,889
Deduct—					
Fixed charges	9,916,940	...	10,011,071	...	10,024,400
Steamboat replacement account	900,000	...	1,000,000	...	1,000,000
Pension fund	80,000	...	80,000	...	125,000
Distributable balance	26,278,728	...	26,727,109	...	32,783,779
Prof. (4 %) div.	2,214,933	...	2,253,867	...	2,592,220
Ord. div.	10,167,179	...	12,600,000	...	12,600,000
	(6½ %)		(7 %)		(7 %)
	13,896,616	...	11,873,242	...	17,590,559

In 1909-10 an extra 1 per cent. was paid from interest on land funds, and in 1910-11 the extra dividends from this source amounted to 2½ per cent. Now the dividend is on the basis of a regular 2½ per cent., paid quarterly, making 10 per cent. per annum from all sources. The increase in revenue amounts to 18½ per cent. on last year's figure, and the rise in working expenses is just about the same proportion; hence the very slight change in the working ratio. The greater part of the gain in receipts came from the freight traffic, which rose 21½ per cent., against an increase of about 9 per cent. last year. Passenger receipts rose by \$3,600,000, an increase of about 13 per cent., as compared with a rise of \$3,350,000—a slightly higher percentage—last year. On analysing working expenses, it appears that transportation expenses—which contains the bulk of the wages paid—rose by 23½ per cent., and maintenance expenses rose 13½ per cent.

At present the company is not distributing the proceeds of land sales, but only pays dividends out of the interest on the unexpended balance of the funds so realised. The proceeds of the sales have been utilised, to a large extent, in construction of the railway—hence its low capitalisation—and, more recently, in irrigating dry areas. The expense of irrigating is now being returned to the company about five times over in the shape of the higher price of the land. On the basis of the results of the last few years it is impossible to say that Canadian Pacific Stock is overvalued, but it must not be forgotten that Canada's prosperity at the moment is extraordinary. It is impossible for the present rate of expansion to continue indefinitely, and should one, or perhaps two, bad harvests come—and a bad harvest will certainly occur some time—the margin for the 10 per cent. dividend may be much smaller than it is to-day. At the present price Canadian Pacifics yield 3½ per cent. At 23·5 the yield would be 4½ per cent. which, having regard to the security apart from the unsold land, might be taken as a fair return though none too high. The market values the unsold land, therefore including the money expended in developing it, at about \$50 per \$100 of ordinary capital.

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